

THE SATURDAY

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THE SUNSET LAND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, dimly through the mists of years
That roll their dreary waves between,
The gorgeous Sunset Land appears,
Arrayed in hues of fabled green.
And from that far-off sunny clime,
Old half-forgotten songs arise,
And stealing o'er the waves of Time
The sweetly lingering music dies.

As some bright island of the sea,
Forever blooming—ever fair;
The cold, dark billows round it be,
Eternal sunshine hovers there.
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
Our eager, longing looks are cast,
Where robed in fabled Spring appears
The smiling Eden of the Past.

There Memory weaves her garlands green
Beside the lone, hope-haunted shore;
And musing 'mid the Arabian scene,
Twines flowers that bloom for us no more.
Oh! hallowed clime! blest Land of Love!
Sweet Paradise of early dreams!
Still through thy tales may fancy rove,
Still hark beneath thine evening beams.

And there they dwell—the cherished ones
With snow-white brows and waving hair;
I see them now—I hear their tones
Of sweetest sigh along the air.
Hark! how their silvery voices ring
In cadence with the wind's low sigh:
Not sweeter is the wind-harp's string
That wakes at eve its melody.

They call us; see, they wave their hands—
As by the mirage lifted high,
That clime in all its beauty stands
Against the forehead of the sky.
With wreathed brows—with laugh and song—
With tender looks—hand clasped in hand—
They move along, that love-linked throng—
Within the haunted Sunset Land.

Burlington, Ky. LEWIS W. WEBB.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Penn.]

Leaving his horses in the care of his servant,
and breaking through the curious and officious
crowd, Philip bore alone the injured girl to his
own house. Even there he jealously refused
all assistance, carried her in his arms to a cham-
ber, and laid her on a couch. Then, after dis-
patching a servant for a surgeon, he summoned
his housekeeper, and directed her to assist him
in arousing the sufferer from her deathly swoon.
The woman looked a good deal shocked, and
somewhat disgusted, but after a moment's hesi-
tation, she proceeded to bathe the white face
and bruised head of the girl, while Philip knelt
by her side, chafing her hands, staunching with
napkins a cruel wound in her breast, and call-
ing her by a hundred melodious Italian names,
and sweet, endearing diminutives. Mrs. Ren-
shaw, the housekeeper, a bigoted woman, who
might have belonged to the flock of "the Shep-
herd," or the sisterhood of Chaddan, and is
now, it may be, warming her benumbed piety
and zeal, at the "seventy times heated" furnace
of Spurgeonism—did not understand Italian,
but she had a holy horror of it, as the tongue
of "the scarlet woman," and she knew those
words to be love-words, and coarsely inter-
preted, according to a coarse nature, the pity-
ing, remorseful tenderness with which they
were uttered. So she was hardly surprised
when, at length, the young girl revived from
her swoon, to see her smile and weep at be-
holding Mr. Coniston at her side—even lifting
his hand and kissing it with faint lips.

"Ah, Violetta, my poor child," said Philip,
in Italian, "why and how came you here?—
Did I not tell you that I would come for you?"

"Ah, signore, I came to find you—I sung my
way to you—I could not wait for you. I was
dying of grief and loneliness. Pardon me!"

"But your grandfather—did you leave him?"

"Alas! he is dead, signore! I was alone
in the world—so I came to you—amico mio!"

"And I have killed you?"

"Ah, no, I did it myself. I was mad with
the joy of seeing you—the fear of losing you
again in this great dreary city. But it is no
matter—only don't go away from me—don't
send me away from you, till I go there!"

"No, no, my poor child! God forsake me,
if I forsake thee now!" exclaimed Philip, fer-
vently, sealing the vow by pressing his lips upon
the cold, colorless hand he held.

At this moment, the surgeon was announced;
Philip rose, and, assuring Violetta that he would
remain within call during the examination and
the dressing of her wounds, returned to his
library.

The story of Violetta Castelli was a romance
in itself, and can be little more than hinted at
here. Philip met her at Como, where the last
summer (1857) he stayed in Italy with a friend. She

was the granddaughter of a musician, who oc-
cupied apartments on the fifth floor of his ho-
tel, and who became known to Philip as an in-
telligent *valet de place*, and the owner of the
little boat which he hired for his excursions
on the lake.

It was impossible to know Giovanni Castelli
long without knowing something about his
granddaughter, Violetta, for his fond old heart
was full of her beauty, her goodness and her
talent.

Philip, who had caught an occasional glimpse
of her fairy little figure, flitting up and down
the dark stairway of the hotel, remarked to
the old man upon the singular classic beauty of
her head.

"Ah, yes, signore; it is like one of the heads
of Raphael—is it not? But excellence should
hear her voice! It is ravishing, and she makes
of the guitar something divine. Ah, she is a
wonderful child!"

A mere child she was always to the old man,
and when Philip came to know her, it was but
as a child that he regarded her—a child of
genius and love, beautiful, sensitive, sympathetic,
and dependent. She interested and delighted
him by her childlike purity and simplicity. She
seemed to him a budding woman-flower, exqui-
sitely dainty and delicate, with just human
blood enough for a faint bloom—human weak-
ness enough to cling to and lean upon a loving
human support. Her sweet singing, when he
came to hear it daily, charmed the demons of
pride and discontent, resentment and regrets,
out of his heart, and made him a nobler and a
happier man. In all their excursions upon the
lake, and along the shore, in search of the pic-
turesque, (for Philip had fallen to sketching
with almost his old ardor.) Violetta accompa-
nied her grandfather, and every moonlight night
she sat in the boat with them, and her voice,
dreamy and silvery, pure from even the pro-
phesy of passion, itself the moonlight of music,
floated over the water.

Philip was one night surprised to hear her
sing an air from Bellini, with all its most elab-
orate operatic adornments.

"Why, Violetta, child, where did you learn
that?" he asked.

"Ah, signore, it is very easy—see you, it is
only mimicry. Excellence knows that Madame
Pasta—the great Pasta—lives on the lake, in a
little paradise which she has created with her
divine voice. One may know her villa by the
multitude of roses that grow there, and the
multitude of nightingales that sing there."

"Attracted by her singing!"

"Without doubt, excellenza—the roses to
listen and the nightingales to learn. Well, of
summer nights, we take our boat, my grand-
father and I, and row up the lake, and steal
along very quietly, and glide under the roses
that hang over her garden wall, and wait and
listen, and presently we hear it, the divine
voice, come gushing out of the windows, and
flooding all the sweet, still air with music, so
sparkling, so bounteous, so delicious that not a
nightingale thinks to open her throat, and the
little birds cannot sleep in their nests for de-
light; the waves seem to rest in a trance of joy,
and the roses to empty their hearts of fragrant
applause and tremble up against one another
in ecstasy, dropping tears of dew. As for me,
I listen so hard that I scarcely breathe—I drink
in her notes, and when I get home I try to re-
peat them. That is all."

"And you succeed admirably, my Violetta,"
replied Philip; "I brought letters to Madame
Pasta, and know her well. She is a good wo-
man, as well as a great singer. I will tell her
of you, and she shall hear you sing, if you
will."

"Oh, excellenza is very kind, but I would
never dare to open my lips before her, for fear
she would know the trills I have stolen from
her, and be angry with me."

But her zealous friend soon laughed away her
childish objections, and a few days after, pre-
sented her, by permission, to the ex-queen of
song.

Madame was very gracious and kind—praised
Violetta's beauty to Philip, in a stage-singer,
which had the effect of adding the charm of a
blush to the pale, Psyche-like face of the young
girl, and then, seating herself at the piano, re-
quested (a queenly request, which is a double
command,) the pleasure of accompanying *la*
Signorina. In her confusion, Violetta chose
one of Pasta's own favorite airs, from *Semiramide*, but the great prima donna only smiled
graciously, saying,

"Ah, well, *allons*, courage, my child!"

Violetta at first shook out her plaintive,
faint notes, as though singing on pain of death,
but she gathered inspiration as she went on,
and acquitted herself so well at last, that Pasta
applauded her heartily, saying that she would
make a charming singer, with the right instruc-
tion.

"Your voice is heavenly," she said, "but
it needs some earthly training. Saint Cecilia
herself would need a world of teaching be-
fore she could sing Rosini. I would like to
give you a few lessons, and if you will come to
me once a week, I will sing with you."

With true Italian grace and ardor, Violetta
knelt by the great singer, and pressed a grate-
ful kiss upon her still beautiful hand.

A short time after this event, Philip left
Como, for the South, promising to return in a
year's time to arrange some plan for the tho-
rough musical education of Violetta Castelli,
whom he had resolved to adopt not for her sake
alone, but for the love of art—to give to the
lyric drama a marvel of beauty and song.

Philip parted from his lovely *protégée* with
more of tender regret than he had anticipated,
but he was painfully surprised at the wild
burst of grief which overwhelmed her, at the

last. He could not get her sobbing out of his ears,
he could not hide himself from the sight of her
tearful, despairing face, through all that jour-
ney to Rome. He was conscience-stricken for
having thoughtlessly awakened feelings so in-
tense in her sensitive young heart. "But
it will soon be over—that summer-rain of
tears," he consoled himself by saying. "The
more violent, the more evanescent the emotion.
Violetta is a child, and an Italian—so *co*
raggio!"

But Philip had mistaken her. She loved her
generous English friend with the devotion, if
not with the passion of mature womanhood,
and her child's heart was as constant as it was
pure.

Philip wrote to her once, from Rome, telling
her that he should probably accompany his mo-
ther to London in the spring, and repeating
his promise to return to Como the year follow-
ing. He counseled her to be diligent in the
preliminary studies of her art, under the ex-
cellent tuition of her grandfather, a musician of
the good old school, now almost forgotten—
and above all, to improve to the utmost, her
rare privilege of singing with Madame Pasta.
"Think what a luxury is yours," he said,
"merely to hear once every week, that won-
derous voice on which the world hung so long,
and which it is still heart sick for."

The letter concluded with expressions of
faithful interest and affection, and pledges of
fraternal aid and protection.

The remainder of the poor girl's story is al-
ready known to the reader—how, on the death
of her sole relative, finding herself homeless
and friendless, (for she could not tax the kind-
ness of Madame Pasta,) she left Como, guitar
in hand, to sing her way to England—how like
the Saracen Maid of Gilbert & Becket, she
wandered for many weary days through the
streets of London, seeking the beloved, and
how she found him at last.

CHAPTER XI.

CYPRESS AND ROSES.

Philip Coniston remained alone in his library,
sitting quite motionless, with his face buried in
his hands, but his heart busy with tender, re-
morseful memories, till the entrance of the sur-
geon, coming to report on his case. Philip
sprang up to meet him, questioning him eagerly,
yet fearfully respecting the patient. The
doctor shook his head.

"It is a bad case—quite hopeless, I fear,"
was the reply. "The poor girl has sustained
such severe internal injuries that recovery
seems impossible. She may not survive the
night."

Philip could not repress a groan at this con-
firmation of his worst fears. Again his face
was bowed upon his hands, and tears, which
took nothing from, but testified to his man-
hood, stole through his fingers. After a few
words of cool, philosophic, materialistic con-
dolence, which fell like ice-drops upon the tor-
tured heart of the subject, the surgeon added,

"While the young girl lives, your family
physician had better take charge of her; for
though, in fact, no medical treatment can be of
much avail, except to palliate suffering. Opia-
tes might relieve her of pain, and lull her into
the eternal sleep, let her down softly into the
lap of Nature, as it were."

"Lift her up gently into the arms of Di-
vine Love," said Philip reverently.

"Ah, well, as you will, my dear sir," replied
the philosopher, with sublime complaisance.
"I must now bid you good-morning—trusting
that we may next meet under circumstances
less painful and embarrassing to yourself."

Immediately on the surgeon's departure,
Philip sent a messenger for Doctor Abbeville,
an uncle of old physician, whose tenderness
toward real sufferers, in especial the young
and poor, was known to equal his brusque treat-
ment of those afflicted by fashionable and im-
agined ailments.

Just as Mr. Coniston was about to return to
the bedside of the sweet sufferer with whose
death wounds his own heart was sore, Mrs.
Renshaw, in rustling robes of demi-mourning,
rushed into the room, like a heavy grey cloud,
portentous of sadly ill news.

"May I speak with you, Mr. Coniston?" she
asked, with a grim deliberateness of tone, which
would have struck him at any other time, but
which he did not notice at this moment of pain-
ful absorption.

"Certainly, pray be seated, madame," he
said, courteously, and added, "How is the poor
child?"

"She seems easy—as though in a doze,"
was the brief reply.

"This is a very extraordinary circumstance, I
must say," added the dame, with severe em-
phasis.

"It is one which you cannot regret a thou-
sandth part as much as I," replied Philip, with
a heavy sigh.

"No, of course not—as I have not to re-
proach myself for it."

"Mrs. Renshaw, you exceed somewhat your
privilege," said Philip, with some impatience.
"As your housekeeper, I may—but not as an
immortal Christian woman, Mr. Coniston."

Philip was not disposed to dispute this sort
of Pickwickian privilege, and allowed her to
proceed.

"The surgeon thinks that this—this Italian
girl cannot get well."

"I know it."

"He says that while she does live, she must
have constant care and very tender nursing."

"And that she shall have. It is little indeed
to give her."

"Not from me, Mr. Coniston."

"Not from you? Why, may I ask?"

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Renshaw, bridling
up with virtuous indignation and bristling all
over with alarmed respectability. "Because,
sir, I am a lone woman, with a reputation to
preserve—because I am honest and respect-
able, and will not demean myself to serve such
as she. I know that young men will have their
follies, but there is reason in everything, Mr.
Coniston, and it's plain to me that you should
not have brought her here—if she did follow
you all the way from Italy, and if your horses
did trample on her. Is there not the hospital
always ready?—and a very comfortable place it
is. 'The way of the transgressor is hard,'
and in my opinion, it is flying in the face of
Providence to make so much of such creatures
as she."

"Leave the room, woman!" cried Philip,
starting up indignantly. "You insult me, and
cruelly wrong that innocent, dying child. Leave
the room, I say, and do not show your cruel
pharisaical face in these apartments again.
From this day, consider yourself discharged
from my service."

Mrs. Renshaw retreated towards the door,
but with an affection of servility, returned,
saying,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coniston, but here
is a letter, which the surgeon found in the girl's
bosom, along with her parish crucifix. Per-
haps you know the hand-writing," and having
slid her Phœbian arrow, the virtuouslest of
housekeepers withdrew.

Philip looked at the letter. It was the one
he had written Violetta, from Rome. It en-
closed a few tender violetts, which he remem-
bered having given her, for her name's sake, on
the day when she first accompanied her grand-
father and him, on the lake. They were just
fragrant of Italy and the past—fading out
sweetness only. But the letter was stained
with tears. It bore a yet darker and more re-
cent stain—a drop of blood. With a shudder
and a moan of bitter pain, Philip hastily fold-
ed up the letter and thrust it away into his writ-
ing-desk, which stood before him. As he did
so, a thought seemed to strike him. He
searched amid his papers till he found a small
package, carefully sealed. He tore it open, re-
moved fold after fold, of delicate paper, and
came at last to a rose—a red rose, dry and
withered. He looked at it a moment sadly, as
though loath to part with it, then wrapping it
in a single envelope, he seized a sheet of paper,
and wrote thus:—

"Vesta Lancaster—My Cousin—With a
recognize the rose herein enclosed? It
withered quite out of your remembrance, years
ago, and given by you to me, a promise that
do you remember that, to you, or have ear-
should I ever wish to send back the rose
need of you, and I request, if in your
—you would grudge. Now, I dare claim
power—or come where we were but children
that promise—we have grown as strangers
then, and thence, I dare to claim it. I have
to one need of a friend—a woman.
My need is far away—I have no sister, and
I am upon you. Come to me at once! I will
explain all when I see you. Trust to my honor.
I know that it is a great thing that I ask of
you, but you have, or once had a great heart,
and something tells me that I can count upon it
to the utmost."

PHILIP CONISTON.

Hastily enclosing the rose in this note, he
sealed and despatched it without delay.

Within twenty minutes after this, Philip was
summoned from Violetta's bedside, by the an-
nouncement that Miss Lancaster was waiting
below, to see him. Leaving the sufferer in the
care of Dr. Abbeville, who had just arrived,
he descended to the library, emotions of joy
and sorrow contending for the mastery in his
heart.

The cousins met with outward calm and per-
fect kindness.

"You have sent for me, and I am here.
There was no resisting that talisman," said
Vesta, with an attempt at playfulness, "now
will it please you to explain this mysterious
communion?"

"At once—I met you this morning, as I was
returning from my drive."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you observed after reaching your
door, a crowd collected near where you
passed me?"

"I did, and supposed that some trifling ac-
cident had happened."

"I was the cause of that accident—but it
was not trifling. A poor girl was thrown down
by my leaders, and fatally injured."

"Good Heavens! could it have been that
beautiful little street-singer I noticed as I rode
past?"

"Yes, it was she!"

"How sad! She sung under my window
only last night. I never heard so sweet and
sorrowful a voice. It was enough to break
one's heart. I had a strange desire to take her
in, and care for her—but I resisted it, as we
are too apt to resist such divine monitions.
Her face haunted me for hours after, and met
me almost as a reproach this morning. Can you
tell me anything of her?"

"Yes, when I rescued her from the feet of
my horses, I found that she was a child whom
I had known in Italy, of whom I was very fond,
and who, without my knowledge, had followed
me to England."

Vesta gave a slight start, and looked search-

ingly into the pale and troubled face of her
cousin. Apparently satisfied by the scrutiny,
she asked—

"You brought her home?"

"Of course. She is now here. She had
prompt surgical attendance, but was pro-
nounced past help, or hope. Dr. Abbeville is
now with her, but his looks confirm the opinion
of the surgeon. All that can be done for her,
is to alleviate her sufferings, by the adminis-
tration of sedatives, and by tender and careful
nursing. A woman's hand is needed to mini-
ster to her gently and soothingly—a woman's
voice to speak comfort to her. I at first con-
sidered her to the Christian charities and mater-
nal instincts of my housekeeper, who, I believe,
one of the 'mothers in Israel,' but in a fit of
outrageous virtue, she threw up her office al-
most immediately. I would not subject myself
to a second indignity, by calling upon any of
the housemaids—so in my perplexity, I turned
to you. Will you attend upon this poor, dying
girl? I think she will not keep you long, and
believe me, she is worthy of your loving minis-
trations, for she is an innocent child, with the
soul of an angel."

"Willingly I accept the charge, Mr. Conis-
ton—whether the time be long, or short, and
whether the poor girl be all she looks, and you
think her—a little wandering Saint Cecilia, or
only a beautiful sinner."

So it was that the proud and high born Vesta
Lancaster became the nurse of Violetta Cas-
telli, the Italian street-singer, and was honored
by her office. She and Philip remained by the
side of the young girl throughout the night,
keeping only the time when the Roman god
was with her, administering the last sleep.

Violetta seemed to suffer little awake
quite peacefully for some hours, but was
just at dawn, and seemed with much
evidently sinking fast, as her in his arms,
difficulty, and Philip eastern window. She
while Vesta opened—the said so, and was
know that she was sliding her small hand into
not contradicted in his clasp like a chilled
Philip's—lig with faint life. She blessed him
bird, but had done for her, and all he had
for so to do, at leasting him not to reproach
me for her death. It was well—best for
me!—she thanked the beauty of the bea-
tiful who had been so kind to me—
fulfilled her to the love of the Madonna.
Cousin spoke thus, she looked from Vesta to
Philip, and from Philip to Vesta. It was
strange, but as she did this, each remembered
quite another death bed, and a beloved old
man, who had looked at them so, just so.

As the morning light and warmth came in at
the open window, Violetta went away. Her
last look was for Philip, her last breath took
a sound like his name—and when the eyes
grew dim, and the lips still, he was conscious
of a faint thrill in the hand clasped in his. It
was as though her loving, child-like spirit
reached backward from the strange, new life
to which it had attained, and clung to him
still.

Philip laid that beautiful head reverent-
ly upon the pillow, and tenderly closed the soft,
dark eyes. He then stood for some moments,
gazing on the face of the dead—sorrowful,
remorseful, forgetful of all the world—yet feel-
ing within his heart a strange, sweet gush
of holy human sympathies, a gracious in-flooding
of divine love upon the barren and waste places
of his soul. In that brief time, rebellious grief
and vain regrets resolved themselves into
childlike submission, fruitful penitence, con-
secration.

Vesta Lancaster with her own hands dressed
Violetta for the grave. She plaited the long,
dark hair in a noble coronal around that beau-
tiful head, and crossed the small hands meekly
on the still breast. With peculiar poetic feel-
ing, she brought from her conservatory only
flowers of the South to strew upon the coffin-
pillow—violetts whose clear, soft blue seemed
the remembrance of Italian skies, jasmines and
orange blossoms, fragrant with the sighs of
exile.

When all was done, and she had returned to
her home, her carriage followed that of Philip
in the funeral procession.

Violetta was laid to rest in a shady, suburban
grave-yard, and a cross, inscribed simply with
her name, placed above her. On that cross
hung always a fresh votive wreath, and soon
the grave was quite covered with violetts. So
if her name shall ever be effaced from the stone,
or be overgrown with moss, it will still appear
on the ground, written many times, in bloom
and fragrance, and renewed every summer.

To one who often lingers by that grave, it
seems that her voice, which was of so pure and
cerulean a quality, has translated itself into
those violetts, and that the love and innocence
of her heart yet breathe out of her dust in
their perfume.

On the evening of the day succeeding Vi-
oletta's funeral, Philip Coniston made his first
visit to Vesta Lancaster. He was shown into
the library, an elegant room, furnished with ex-
quisite feminine and artistic taste. While
awaiting his cousin, his eye, in glancing around
him, fell on a landscape that occupied a place
of honor over the mantel. It was one of his
exhibited pictures. The other he afterwards
saw in Vesta's own little studio. The sight of
this solved the mystery of the prompt purchase
and the unknown patron,—but he knew not
whether the solution gave him most pleasure, or
shagrin: most pride, or shame. He had been

so conscious, blind, stupid, and unthankful.
Some thoughts and bitter regrets it suggest-
ed. It was full of faults, he could see them
now—but it was painted in the glow and cap-
ture of young ambition, at a season when his
life had at least, the dignity of a purpose, and
the grace of an enthusiasm.

"It is the ghost of my art," he said.

When Vesta entered, she saw at a glance,
what had engaged his attention, and blushed at
the discovery of her little secret, but said no-
thing.

After the usual greetings had been ex-
changed, and the cousins were seated, Vesta on
a sofa, and her visitor in a chair in front of her,
in a voice which would have been cold, but for
a quiver of sadness running through it, Philip
said—

"Cannot Mrs. Lancaster divine why I have
done myself the honor to wait upon her
evening?"

"I am afraid you have come to a wrong
conclusion. My Christian offices toward the poor
offices which would hardly be for me. I had
I asked, or expected, did, I judge, his
would have done the life of a dear friend and
sake, if not for the fact, with a shade of gen-
tleness," replied Vesta.

Philip's face "I did not come to thank you
No," said Vesta, "but to deprecate
for that I was brave and proved that you
are, and in a thousand—in my art, the
are, and with so few of its misrepresen-
tations or gossip before your eyes."

"Oh, as for that, I have for the last few
years lived so much by, and after myself, that
the world has grown tired of wondering at
and commenting upon my eccentricities—of
marking my out-goings and in-comings. I am
freer than most of my sex, thank Heaven! It
was a necessity of my nature to be so. I am,
indeed, delivered from 'the fear of man'—and
what is infinitely more, of woman—But pray
tell me, to what I am indebted for the honor
of this visit, if not to the old friendship?"

"Perhaps, my cousin noticed, that on the day
of poor Violetta's death I omitted my usual
four-in-hand drive."

"No—but how, remember, you must have
done so, for you remained in the house through-
out the day."

"Then, if you reflect a moment, you must
know that I thereby voluntarily and deliber-
ately forfeited the usual privilege of my
Uncle Hugh. I now come to resign it, to the
rightful possessor."

"I will not accept it!" cried Vesta, warmly.

"Then it must pass into the hands of Sir
Ralph Coniston—into the hands of the—who-
(I know that I do them no wrong by saying
it) will make a far less noble use of it. In its
name whom we both loved. I entreat you to
take it."

"And you, Cousin Philip?"

"Oh, have no regrets for me. I shall do
better and be better, perhaps, without fortune
than with it. I will return to my art though
she has for me now an austere and alienated
countenance. I will woo her with what intel-

CONGRESSIONAL.
WAR DEBATES AND MEASURES.

RIVERS AND HARBORS.

SENATE.

On the 29th, on motion of Mr. Seward, one thousand extra copies of the resolutions of the Committee in relation to British aggressions, were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, spoke on the resolutions, showing that it is inadvisable that the international law recognize no right of visitation in time of peace, and in time of war it is only conceded to the extent of preventing the carrying of articles contraband of war. He cited, as authority, and Lord Stowell, showing that no armed ship of any nation has the right to stop, visit or board for any purpose, and that ships at sea are not bound to lay to or wait. The resolution indicates no more than that the time has arrived when this must be settled once and forever. It is hoped that it may be immediately settled by the Executive. There is every reason why it should be, and some why it should not. Angry feelings and reprisals cannot but bring the two countries into collision; but, whether or not, the nature of the indignities are such that the American people can no longer permit it.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, proposed an amendment declaring that the American people cannot permit such aggressions, and therefore Congress should legislate as to prevent the continuance of such indignities. It was a suspicious circumstance that these outrages commenced immediately after the refusal by this Government of certain demands by England respecting the slave trade.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, moved to amend the amendment to the effect that the act of the British are intelligent in character, and should be resisted by all the powers of the country. He considered that the act of the British should be met by acts, and not by arguments.

Mr. Mallory withdrew his amendment in favor of Mr. Hale's.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, advocated Mr. Hale's amendment, and further said that the British war ships in the Gulf should be seized and brought to our own ports and sunk, and that he would be satisfied with nothing short of it.

Mr. Seward, of New York, expressed his concurrence, as well as the concurrence of the Committee, in the spirit of the resolutions. The assumption of Great Britain is founded in force, and claimed by no other nation than the British, or such as, like her, have asserted the mastery of the seas. But the United States act with the intention to be equal to any nation, and cannot permit the affectation of superiority by any power, even in the modified form of "visitation," the right of search and visitation being synonymous terms. The principles of police at sea are identical with those on land. Any one may seize and detain pirates at sea, or on the coast, but he does it at his peril. If the person seized be a culprit, the case is abandoned to justice. If not, it is an aggression, and the aggressor is liable to make reparation. This action will never permit its flag to be prostituted to the purpose of piracy, which must resist every aggression on its peaceful commerce.

No prudent man believes that the British Government has ordered these aggressions, with a view of urging a war on this country. They are acts of war, but all know that if Great Britain wanted to begin a war with the United States, she would not do it with a gunboat. Although these acts may have originated in a misapprehension of orders, the Executive had properly and promptly determined not to wait for explanation—not to recognize that any explanation can be given which will concede the right of visitation or search. Mr. Seward fully endorsed this promptitude of action in sending to the Gulf a force sufficient to sink every British cruiser.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, asked what good does it do to resolve that this search is a legitimate act? The American people and Congress know that it is. England was informed forty years ago, and has violated our rights forty times within the past four weeks. Her commission and admitted the promptness with which the President had sent a force to the Gulf, but that force was only up to the point of preventing. Do you suppose that an opportunity will ever be found to prevent search, unless a ship of war be sent to accompany every merchant vessel? The Senator from New York was wrong in saying that the force despatched to the Gulf coast sinks British cruisers. The British there have three guns to our one. It is brave, at least, to think that our one will sink their three. Mr. Douglas recommended another course. Let a ship of war, say the *Wabash*, get on the track of the *Slyx* or *Buzzard*, follow her up, capture her, and bring her into an American port; and it will then be time to make explanations. If England avows the cruisers' acts, it becomes an international question. If she disavows them, it only remains for us to say what punishment we shall inflict on those lawless persons who have perpetrated these outrages. The President having gone as far as he can go, let him have all once so far as we are necessary to protect the rights of our citizens, and the rights of citizens at home and abroad. He had no fear of the abuse of such power by the present Executive, or any that follow him. The President is almost powerless abroad. Every other Chief Magistrate has the power not only to repel, but to punish an outrage of their nationality, and why should not the Chief Magistrate of this Republic have power, ample and full, in aid of his efforts to protect the honor of the flag? He was in hopes that there would have been no speeches, but that the bill would have passed unanimously, without a word, which expression of sentiment would have carried more force than the army or navy.

Mr. Hayne spoke in favor of the gallantry of the Navy, who, he said, would do the bottom and do their duty.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, proceeded to address the Senate in support of the resolutions, but added that it was also our duty to see that the flag be not prostituted by men engaged in the slave trade. The special order coming up, Mr. Wilson concluded by moving that the President be authorized and empowered to employ the naval force of the United States, and send them to the coast of the recent outrages, with instructions to capture the ships which have committed, or may commit, these belittling acts.

Further debate was prevented by the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill coming up in special order.

On the 31st, the British Aggression resolution was taken up.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, repeated, as on Saturday, that he wanted the British ships seized. The resolutions reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs were not worth the paper they were written on.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, disagreed with the Senator from Georgia. He (Mr. H.) was not willing to be smuggled into war by an amendment to amendments. If the British acts are belittling, let us throw with all due solemnity the bloody spear. If we must have war, let us declare war after a dignified consideration. A war with England will be the most momentous event that has happened in the past three centuries—perhaps in all time past. But, perhaps, hostilities with England are, sooner or later, inevitable, and when they come, be believed England will be rushing to her feet. Let us avoid ourselves of the chance offered by these resolutions to avoid, until it be forced on us, an event which, whenever it occurs, will change the phase of human affairs.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, also spoke in a conservative tone, advising that no action should be rashly taken, but that we proceed with firm, determined, but cautious steps. The resolutions reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs are sufficient to express the sentiments of the American people, and it is unworthy of both such great nations to indulge in quarrelsome words and quarrelsome actions. Let England be informed that we require reparation, and, if it be refused, we have then a right to stand on our own ground. He agreed with the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Toombs,) that we cannot consent to discuss the right of visitation or search. It would be unworthy this Government to enter into any discussion on that subject. We have to deal with the acts, and require England to disavow them and pay reparation.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he had reconsidered his amendment, and was of the opinion that it was not in order, inasmuch as it proposed to confer power on the President by the vote of one House only. He therefore withdrew it. But he expressed the hope that orders had been given to sink or capture the offending ships.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, moved a joint resolution, that the President be authorized to arrest the outrage at once.

Further debate was postponed, on the special order, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill coming up.

The issue of the bill was discussed till six o'clock, when the Senate adjourned.

On June 1st, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the Executive to employ the naval force to protect the rights of our citizens from outrages by foreign nations, having especial reference to Central America and South America.

Massachusetts, of California, and Houston, of Texas, argued the importance of immediate action, so as to obtain the concurrence of the House before the adjournment.

Mr. Seward, of New York, expressed his strong disapproval of the measure. He was unwilling to involve the country in war with all the nations of America South of our own.

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Executive, Judicial and Legislative Appropriation Bill.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the report of the Special Committee, relative to the sale of the Fort Snelling reservation.

After a long debate, adjourned.

On the 2nd, the House resumed the consideration of the Fort Snelling Report. After debate.

Mr. Clark, of New York, offered a series of resolutions. The first one declares that the evidence reported by the Select Committee as to the recent acts of the Fort Snelling reservation, has failed to exhibit any fact or circumstance impeaching the personal or official integrity of the Secretary of War. Adopted on first reading—yeas 133, nays 60.

Mr. Russell, of New York, moved to table the whole subject. Not agreed to—yeas 68, nays 140.

The second resolution of Mr. Clark declared that the management of the sale by agents authorized by the Secretary of War to convey the same, was injudicious and improper, and resulted, by reason of the want of publicity, in the exclusion of that competition among persons desirous of purchasing, which, under the circumstances, should have been permitted. Adopted—yeas 123, nays 64.

Two other resolutions, comprised in the same series, were also adopted. These resolutions disapprove of the terms of the former sale, and direct that the evidence taken by the Select Committee be transmitted to the Secretary of War, in order that, in conjunction with the public interests may require.

Mr. Harris, of New York, moved to table the whole subject. Disagreed to by five majority.

The first resolution of the majority of the Committee was then adopted by five majority.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, then moved to table the remainder of the resolutions, which was agreed to, yeas 83, nays 76.

Several bills, of no general importance, were then passed, and also a bill giving three years' full pay, as a Commander in the Navy, to Capt. Herndon's widow.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, called up the Report of the Committee on Elections, asking to be discharged from the further consideration of the memorial of N. G. Fuller, asking admission as a delegate from the Territory of Des Moines, and in favor of Mr. Kingsbury's retaining his seat as a delegate from Minnesota, or the Territory outside of the State limits of Minnesota.

During the debate that ensued, Mr. Hughes denied the right of Mr. Harris to hold the floor and give members the privilege to speak by his permission.

Mr. Harris denied that Mr. Hughes had the right so to intemperate.

Mr. Hughes said: "It is false."

Mr. Harris—It is false, and you can wear it at your pleasure. He then went on to say, that the majority of the Committee took the ground that, where the act of Congress established the Territorial government, and fixes the seat of the Territory, the coming out of a State therein does not repeal the said law by implication.

Mr. Hughes offered and discussed an amendment, declaring that the admission of Minnesota dissolves the Territorial organization, and no one has the right to a seat as delegate, until authorized by statute. The Committee on Territories ought to inquire into the facts, and ascertain whether there were sufficient people for a Territorial government.

Pending the question, the House adjourned.

On the 3d, the House resumed the consideration of the Report of the Committee on Elections, concerning the right of Mr. Kingsbury to a seat as Delegate from the Territory outside of the State limits of Minnesota.

The House, by 23 majority, settled the question by the rejection of Mr. Hughes's resolution, declaring that the admission of Minnesota into the Union operates as a dissolution of the Territorial organization of Minnesota, and that so much of the late Territory as lies without the limits of that State is without any distinct and legally organized government, and that the people thereof are not entitled to a Delegate in the House of Representatives conferred upon them by statute.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, asked leave to introduce a preamble, setting forth that the violation of American neutrality exercised in the Gulf of Mexico, and ports of Cuba, by the British war steamers, is in direct violation of international law, and in course of which illegal conduct a man was killed; concluding with a resolution that the President is required to give instructions to our Navy to arrest all offending vessels until ample reparation be made by the British Government, and guarantee given for the future exemption from visitation.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said that the Committee on Foreign Affairs expect to make a report, and show that Sir James Outram, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney-General, to make arrangements for the accommodation of the United States Courts, Post Office, and Custom House at Philadelphia.

The Senate Bill, to continue half-pay to certain widows and orphans of officers and soldiers, as provided by the Act of February, 1853, was passed.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, asked, and was excused from serving on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He said he had repeatedly sought, but was refused leave, as a member of the Committee, to introduce a bill relative to the outrages on the American flag, while the privilege was this morning accorded to another gentleman.

The Speaker remarked that when Mr. Clay made a speech, a single objection was sufficient to prevent it; and the introduction of Mr. Davis's resolution was under a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Clay replied that he had repeatedly asked for a suspension of the rules; but he wished to congratulate the country, and was happy that the subject of the outrages on the American flag had been at last sent to the Committee.

The House amended the Senate's resolution relative to the extension of the session, by substituting Thursday next, and passed it in this form, by a vote of 139 against 64.

The subsequent business transactions were of no special public importance. Adjourned.

On the 4th, the bill confirming settlers in their rights of pre-emption in Illinois was taken up and passed.

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, from the Committee to examine the accounts of Gen. Callow, the late Clerk submitted a partial report, in which it was stated that they embrace expenditures between one and two millions of dollars. Already seventy-seven witnesses have been examined, and not being able to close their labors, asked leave to sit again at the next session, and then submit a final report. Agreed to.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, asked leave to introduce a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to cause to be constructed, without unreasonable delay, by contract, or at the Government Navy Yard, ten propeller sloops of war, or dispatch vessels, with full steam power, and a draft of water not exceeding 12 feet, to be constructed, equipped, and armed, both for speed and as war steamers; also, on side wheel and steamers, with draft of water not exceeding eight feet, armed and equipped for service in the Chinese seas. The bill appropriated \$200,000.

Mr. Stockman, of Ohio, inquired how much they would cost.

Mr. Bocock replied that according to the estimate of the Navy Department, the cost would be \$2,300,000.

John Cochrane, of New York, gave notice of an amendment to increase the number of vessels to twenty.

Mr. Halsey, of New York, said that he would move, as an amendment, three war steamers for the North-Western lakes.

Objection was made to the introduction of the bill.

Mr. Bocock moved a suspension of the rules, but failed. The vote standing, yeas 127, nays 66—two-thirds.

The bill giving the bill giving the construction to the Act of February, 1853, to continue the half-pay of certain widows and orphans of Revolutionary officers and soldiers—by which the pay will commence on the 4th of March 1848—involving an expenditure of a million and a half of dollars.

The private calendar was then taken up. Bills of an unimportant public character, were acted upon, and the House adjourned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

TRUMPH OF THE DEBBY MINISTRY—RESOLUTION OF CENSURE WITHDRAWN—NAPLES AND ENGLAND, &c.

The Cunard steamship *America*, brings advice that the *America* has on board four of the telegraphic staff of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, en route for Newfoundland, to get everything ready at Trinity Bay for landing the cable.

The *America* brings advice to the effect that the attempt of Mr. Cardwell to ensure the Ministry for the course taken in relation to Indian Affairs, had resulted in the virtual triumph of the Government, the mover having withdrawn his resolution before coming to a vote.

In the House of Lords on the 20th, the Earl of Derby stated that the Government had that morning received important despatches from India, containing, among other matters, a representation from Sir James Outram as to the severity of the proclamation, and Lord Cairns's reasons for issuing it.

In the House of Commons the debate on the vote of censure was resumed.

Lord Palmerston read extracts from the letters addressed by Lord Cairns to Vernon Smith, explaining the reasons why the proclamation was in some parts so severe, and in some so indulgent.

Mr. Bright spoke in strong terms of condemnation of Lord Cairns's dispatch, and declared that he would do nothing towards restoring the late Government to power.

Sir James Graham, in a telling speech, declared that he should most unhesitatingly vote against the resolution, although he did not altogether approve of Lord Ellenborough's dispatch.

On the 21st, after numerous and repeated calls upon Mr. Cardwell by the Liberal members, to withdraw his resolution, that gentleman, with the concurrence of Lord Palmerston and John Russell, and with the authority of the House generally, consented, and the resolution and amendments were finally withdrawn, thus virtually giving the Ministers a triumph.

Mr. D'Israeli said he consented to the withdrawal of the motion, not for the sake of the Government, but for the sake of the Empire. In so doing, he appealed to the language of all their dispatches to show that the Government had given to Lord Cairns a most cordial and complete support, and he would mention that since Lord Ellenborough's dispatch had been sent out, the Government had communicated with Lord Cairns, informing him that he might rely upon their continued confidence and support—(Cheers.)

The correspondence between Sir James Outram and the Governor-General of India throws new light upon the proclamation of Lord Cairns, and mainly led to the withdrawal of Mr. Cardwell's motion. It has been published, and shows that Sir James Outram earnestly and strongly protested against Lord Cairns's confiscation policy, but without effect.

The Herald rejoices in the triumph of the Ministry, which it believes will also be received with enthusiasm by the country. It declares the Government would have had an overwhelming majority.

The Daily News says:—"The House of Commons has rarely presented a more singular and exciting scene than that of the great faction fight, ending in a compromise. No one who really has at heart the dignity of the House, the welfare of the country, and the safety of India, can regret the result. The Liberal party must feel well satisfied at having secured the claim of indemnity for the engineers of the Captivity, which he understood to be a refusal, and which he had treated as such. Within the last two hours, however, he had received a dispatch informing him that it was not a positive refusal, but simply an argumentative reply."

On Friday, the 21st, in the House of Lords, Lord Melbourne stated he had received a reply from the Government of Naples in answer to the claim of indemnity for the engineers of the Captivity, which he understood to be a refusal, and which he had treated as such. Within the last two hours, however, he had received a dispatch informing him that it was not a positive refusal, but simply an argumentative reply.

The Government of Naples was actively proceeding with its military defense.

The contract between the Atlantic Telegraph Company and the English Government was signed and sealed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and the Directors of the Company on the 20th. It is for a period of 25 years from the time the cables shall have been successfully laid down.

The telegraphic fleet had all assembled at Plymouth, and would sail on an expedition to the Cape Verde Islands, and the British steamers *Agamemnon*, *Valorous*, *Gorgon*, and *Porcupine*.

The London Times, in its city article, refers to the importance of the treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, and the efforts making to obtain exclusive control of the transit route.

Attention is made to the obstacle which the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty presents to annexation, and the consequent attempt to have it abrogated. The Times argues that the treaty is permanent, and there is no power of abrogation on either side, and concludes by saying that as certain parties in the United States may resort to unscrupulous measures to secure their ends, the whole affair is one that palpably requires

all the sagacity and firmness of experienced statesmen, which it unfortunately is lacking in the present British Cabinet.

The great Derby race, at Epsom, was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's *Breadmaker*, L. J. Derby's *Exterminator* coming in second. Twenty-three horses ran. The

LA CANTATRICE.

By day, at a high oak desk I stand,
And trace in a ledger this and that;
But at five o'clock you dial's hand
Opens the cage wherein I pine:
And, as faintly the strains from the balcony pass
Down through the thunder of hoofs and wheels,
I wonder if ever a monarch feels
Such royal joy as mine!

Destitute is dressed and her carriage waits;
I know she has heard that signal-chime;
And my strong heart leaps and palpitates
At the faintest of those lovely tones.
To her fragrant room, where the winter's gloom
Is changed by the halcyon's perfume,
And the curtain sunsets a crimson bloom,
To love's own summer prime.

She meets me there, as strangely fair
Than my soul aches with a happy pain:
A pressure, a touch of her true lips, such
As a seraph might give and take again;
A hurried whisper, "Adieu! adieu!"
They wait for me while I stay for you!"
And a parting smile of her blue eyes through
The glimmering carriage pane.

Then thoughts of the past come crowding fast
On a blisful track of love and sighs:
Oh, well I toiled, and these poor hands rolled,
That her song might bloom in Italian skies:
The pains and fears of those lonely years,
The nights of longing and hope and tears,
Her heart's sweet debt, and the long arrears
Of love in those faithful eyes!

Oh, night! be friendly to her and me!
To her and me, and the gallery swarm
The expectant throng:—I am there to see;
And now she is bending her radiant form
To the clapping crowd:—I am thrilled and proud;
My dim eyes look through a misty cloud,
And my joy mounts up on the pianist's loud,
Like a sea-bird on a storm!

She has waved her hand; the noisy rush
Of applause sinks down; and swiftly
Her voice glides forth on the quivering hush,
Like the white robed moon on a tremulous sea:
And wherever her shining influence falls,
I swing on the billow that swells and falls,
I know no more,—till the very walls
Seem shouting with jubilee!

Oh, little she cares for the top who air
His glove and glass, or the gay array
Of fans and perfumes, of jewels and plumes,
Where wealth and pleasure have met to pay
Their nightly homage to her sweet song;
But over the bravas clear and strong,
Over all the fainting and fluttering throng,
She smiles my soul away!

Why am I happy? why am I proud?
Oh, can it be true she is all my own?
I make my way through the ignorant crowd;
I know, I know where my love hath flown.
Again we meet; I am here at her feet,
And with kissing kisses and promises sweet,
Her glowing, victorious lips repeat
That they sing for me alone!

—Atlantic Monthly.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The question, where by that time I should have been if I had fallen—of what unknown world I should have found myself an inhabitant—long pressed itself on my attention as I lay ruminating, all alone, that night beside my flickering fire.

On the face of the case it must strike every one, that there is nothing more improbable than about any given individual living hereafter, than there was fifty years or a century before he was born that he would live at all. On the contrary the balance of probability is all in favor of his living on. The beginning of existence, and the ending of existence, are certainly much more peculiar and uncommon events than the continuation of existence. Now that the man is come into being, the probability seems much greater that he will continue so, than that another fundamental change will take place and he fall back into nothing. Hence it is so hard to make people feel the immensity of corporeal decay. "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

But carry the examination of the point one step further. Imagine the human being endowed with a pre-natal intelligence, to which future things could be described. Let the infant be yet a day's or week's distance from the commencement of its earthly pilgrimage; and let there be supposed to be presented to it a vision of the world it is approaching; that world's innumerable spectacles and wonders; all its own ensuing experiences for three score years and ten. Is there, can there be anything in the future we are approaching more wonderful for us, than the scenes of this world would be to that infant, suddenly revealed as we have supposed? Yet we know, that infant shall by-and-by enter this state of being and find all these things realities. Where then the improbability of our making in like manner a step forward into a place of new experiences, of realities incomparably more intense, of a life more multitudinous of wonders? For my own part, I can see no unlikelihood about it. On the contrary, it seems to me to be just the very thing which of all others I ought to expect; since, already in being, I am as it were on the road.

Some will object that much if not all this might be said of the mere animal races. The objection would be fatal to the reasoning if it were correct. But it is not. We are estimating a human probability, as it appears to a human mind; and one which is a probability only because that mind is what it is. But it can be shown that human mind and brute mind are diverse in their very essence; so that what is a clear probability in respect of the one, is no such thing with regard to the other.

No sooner do we pass the external circumstances of the case, than a very remarkable fact presents itself. The inchoate intellect has no abstract objectivity; but has the capacity of forming one; and that formation is a thing of gradual progress up to extremest age. Now it is incredible that this great product and sum of all the other faculties, should be wiped out of the very period when it reaches its fullest perfection. The perceptions of a child are all im-

mediate effects, of which things in the external world are the cause. Until it has seen a horse, it has no idea of one; much less can it form the abstract notion of horsemanship. It must hear sensible tones before it can possess the abstract notion of music. Now, this faculty of abstraction follows a law of perpetual increase from our earliest to our latest day. The octogenarian knows what his "property" means, long after he has ceased to be able to specify correctly its component parts. So long as a single other faculty remains, its operation promotes the growth of this one, of which the office is to know things in the abstract. So that when the ear has become deaf, and the eye can no longer see; when the most odorous perfumes affect not, and the richest viands have lost their power to please; when the limbs can no longer carry the tottering frame forth into the fields, the aged man can sit in his chair, and with closed eyes see his accustomed landscapes, and within his own mind hear his well-beloved anthems pealing in the house of God. In a word, he hears without ears and sees without eyes. Nay, more; if he have much cultivated any individual sense, its corresponding abstract development is such as to leave the original corporeal sense immeasurably lengthened behind. The mirror in the eye of the artist can receive the impression of but one scene at one time. But not so the inward spectrum. On that he impressed everything he has ever seen. What he saw half a century ago; a face, a figure, a landscape, he can trace you out a copy of at this hour. And things which were in the original linked together, this faculty of his mind can discover; and the separate he can collect into combinations which never existed in the patterns. Show the now deaf musician the score of some new music which he has not heard with his bodily ear. He hears it perfectly, as if in the sounds of actual flute, horn, bugle and trombone. And even better; for where faulty instruments or performers would mar the harmony with an occasional discord, or the melody with false time; his inner faculty moves faultlessly on through the complicated strains. In short he hears in infallible perfection a combination and course of sounds never made or imagined till his bodily hearing had long ceased to exist.

A mental world has formed within the man. The mind is withdrawing into an objectivity of its own, consciousness is already dwelling on the very verge of the supersensible. It no longer needs the corporeal eye and ear. It can hear and see by a faculty of its own. It can overcome time and space; make the blue ocean roll, and the Alps arise to its gaze; and realize the scenes of half a century ago, as if they were those of the passing instant.

A further fact presents itself. The involuntary motions of the system cease. The man is "dead." But what means dead? Just now we left the man a more complete and independent being than he was at any previous stage of his existence. His mind was expatiating in a world of its own, independent of these material scenes; and instead of every thought being a momentary effect proceeding from an immediate outward cause, he could will thought of his own to an indefinite extent. Let us know precisely what has occurred since we left the man in this stage and condition. It is this:—Those motions of the body which physiologists call "the involuntary motions" have ceased. But those motions were never, by the most reckless theorist, alleged to have anything to do with the structure and condition of the abstractive mind. The rate of the pulse neither increased nor diminished the man's knowledge. A prosperous digestive organism did not make him a good Grecian. His biliary secretions had nothing to do with his mathematical faculties. These involuntary motions were merely the bonds which held him in contact with outward objects. These involuntary motions having ceased, there has ceased his contact with outward objects. He is gone;—departed from this material system. His contact with it could not continue, because the involuntary motions, whose specific and sole function it was to maintain that contact, ceased. This is the utmost of the scientific testimony. The more strictly it is examined the more clearly it will appear. The process from first to last, if careful observation can be trusted, was this:—There is formed by means of the intellectual and volitional powers an independent OBJECTIVITY, a supersensible world; that completed, the involuntary motions cease, and there results an independent SUBJECTIVITY, a disembodied man. Henceforth the man exists immortal in a world of his own.

And it is most singular how revelation and inductive science agree in their testimony. In matters of this sort common sense is but another mode of designating inductive science in its highest form. And the common sense of all nations has arrayed itself on the side of the immortality of the soul. Can it be said, that in the foregoing analysis of the case, I have either mistaken the facts or overstrained the indications they yield? But if not, there is scarcely a clearer case in the whole scope of inductive science.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COCKER'S ARITHMETIC.—Cocker, born about 1631, was an engraver and a teacher of writing and arithmetic, and the writer of several books of exercises in penmanship, some of them on silver plates. His celebrated "Arithmetic" was not published until after his death, before 1677; in the title-page it is described as "a plain and familiar method, suitable to the meane capacity, for the full understanding of that incomparable art, as it is now taught by the ablest schoolmasters in city and country." The first edition appeared in 1677; the fourth in 1689; the thirty-seventh in 1720; there is no copy of either edition in the British Museum, the libraries of the Royal Society, St. John's College, or the London Institution; a copy of the edition of 1677 has been sold for £5 10s. Cocker's arithmetic was the first which entirely excluded all demonstration and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only. This was the secret of its extensive circulation; upon it, nine out of ten of the subsequent arithmetics have been modelled; and every method since the author's time has been "according to Cocker."

Rejected courtesy becomes enmity. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to a fist.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

About ten years ago, I was a jolly sub in the regiment Bengal native infantry, commonly known through the presidency by the name of the "Ugly Mugs"; a facetious general having told us once that he never inspected a smarter or an uglier corps in his life. We were ordered to a remote station south of the Nerbuddi, much nearer either Madras or Bombay than Calcutta, and since then very wisely transferred to the former presidency. On arriving there, in the beginning of the hot weather, I found bungalows scarce and dear, and was only too glad to meet an old friend (the artillery subaltern in charge of post gun), who offered to sell me half his bungalow, and, better still, give me long tick for the payment. I accordingly accepted the offer, breathing a mental prayer that Pinta, as represented by the secretary of the Agra Bank, might be propitious when the time of payment came. There were no troops in the station except our own corps, which, between staff appointments and detachments, was very weak in officers. We were cut off from all the amusements and amenities of civilized life. Our billiard table was useless, as the two centre slabs, after receiving sundry compound fractures, reposed quietly at the bottom of a nullah. Even that last resource of the miserable, matrimony, was denied us, there being neither spouter nor chaplain within two hundred miles. Our time was divided between shooting and fishing excursions, rifle-matches and pigeon-shooting, besides which we taught the Sepoys cricket, and played officers and men of right wing against those of left wing. This afforded capital sport, and, unlike most other amusements, cost little—a small subscription from each defrayed the expense of bats, balls, levelling the ground, &c. I was requested to receive and collect this, which I did on pay-day, the only time when cash-transactions take place.

Being late in the evening when I received it, I placed the amount, about sixty rupees, in my writing-desk, which always remained open on my table; and as I believed my servants to be honest, and thought no one saw me put it there, I considered it safe enough for the present. On looking for it the next morning, the cash was gone, and along with it a few trinkets and all the papers in the desk, some of which were of great consequence to me. It was quite evident that a servant or some one well acquainted with the house had taken it, as an ordinary thief would have taken desk and all without waiting to abstract its contents; besides which, he would doubtless have left other traces of his visit, as a pair of valuable pistols and a silver match-box lying on the same table would have excited his curiosity. My suspicions lit upon a cock-eyed bearer of Caldwell's, to whom I had a strong objection. He certainly was a most sinister-looking individual, and, if not a rogue, his countenance lay open to an action for defamation of character.

Caldwell, on the other hand, felt quite sure that my *dhobie* was the thief, as all the servants declared he was the only person who had entered the room that evening, when he brought in the clean clothes. I don't like speaking in an unknown tongue, but that word *dhobie* is an indubitable and unmitigated staggerer; it means a "male washerwoman," and I know of no word in the English language which expresses that. We were both so positive that, for the first time in our life, we had an angry discussion about it. At length we decided on calling our servants together—about twenty in all—and telling them we were certain the thief was one of themselves, and that we would accordingly deduct the entire amount stolen proportionally from their wages. They were at once assembled in the verandah, and I made them a short speech, announcing our determination. This was touching them on the tenderest point, and all were in the midst of loud protestations of their innocence, when in walked Ajudiah. He was a small spare man, but being a high-caste Brahmin, and having held the office of regimental pundit for a quarter of a century, he was greatly respected by the men. He had the reputation of being very learned, and had scraped together a large sum of money, as, in addition to his regimental salary, he levied large contributions from the Sepoys in his priestly capacity, and gave instructions in Hindoo and Sanscrit. Caldwell and I had been pupils of his, and he now came ostensibly to make salam, but really to remind us that we owed him a small balance. On learning the state of affairs, he said: "Defender of the poor! protector of the oppressed! it is easy to pronounce judgment, but between judgment and justice a wide difference exists. It cannot be concealed from the brilliant light of your penetrating mind, that if you set as you propose, all your servants will suffer equally with the guilty one. I have no doubt, if such be your pleasure, that, with the aid of my own skill and your good-fortune, I can discover the individual who has been faithless to his salt." I have always had a most profound contempt for the Brahmins and their transparent humbug; but thinking that fear of detection might induce the culprit to confess, I gravely assented, and said I should feel much obliged by his coming next morning soon after sunrise, to make his investigation.

I had not the slightest expectation that it would be successful, but I thought it might be some amusement, and at most that evening, I mentioned it to my brother-officers, and invited them to come and see the fun.

We were hardly seated at coffee the next morning, when Ajudiah made his appearance, and asked permission to commence his experiments. This being graciously accorded, he began by seating all the servants on a *chakootra*, or raised platform of masonry, in front of the bungalow. He then seated himself in the middle, with a brass dish containing undressed rice at one side, and a pair of small scales and weights at the other. After mumbling a few prayers and stretching out his hands several times over the rice, with the palms open and the knuckles uppermost, like a person washing his hands at a fire, he commenced operations by doling out to each servant a rupee's weight of the dry rice. He used a peculiar kind of rupee (the *shahmuhur*) for this purpose. As each man's portion was weighed out, it was

placed on a piece of plantain leaf, about six inches square, and deposited in his lap by a young Brahmin, who was Ajudiah's *chola*, or disciple. When all had received their quantum, he stood up, and stretching out his hands to the four quarters of heaven, as if invoking the judgment of the Deity, desired them to commence, whereupon all hands took their portion of rice in their mouths, and began chewing away vigorously. While this was going on, the Brahmin took up his rosary, made of the beautiful brown berries of the *Meda Azodrachta*, and appeared quite absorbed in prayer and meditation, though I have no doubt the cunning old rogue kept a sharp lookout all the time.

After this lasted a couple of minutes, he gave the signal to cease, and all immediately returned their portion of rice to their leaf, with a profusion of those disgusting and unwholesome substances which only a native of India can produce.

He then went round and inspected the contents of each leaf, a most uninviting spectacle. I must confess, for in all the rice was thoroughly masticated and saturated with saliva. On my asking which was the guilty one, he replied:—"Mighty sir, under your favor, all these men are innocent." I said:—"I feel sure some one of the servants is the thief, and are they not all present?" No one replied; and on looking again I observed that my khidmutgar was absent. I did not in the least suspect him, as I considered him a very respectable man; he came to me with a very high character from his former master, and during the two years he had been in my service had fully maintained it. However, as I thought that in justice none should be exempted, I desired him to be summoned. He came, after a little delay, and excused his absence by saying he had been busy in the cook-house preparing coffee. I noticed that the man's manner was different from his usual composed and almost dignified way of speaking, but thought it might arise from his repugnance as a Mussulman to have intercourse with a Brahmin.

The man sat down among the other servants, and took his prescribed portion of rice without further remark.

Feeling sure of the result, I paid no further attention to their proceedings, until Caldwell exclaimed: "I say, P—, your old kit will sprain his teeth and dislocate his upper jaw if he goes on much longer like that." I then observed that the khidmutgar was making frantic efforts to chew, his entire head and body moving with the exertion; the pundit standing near and encouraging him with such words as: "Use your strength, my brother; why should the innocent fear God's judgment." This went on for a few minutes, when the khidmutgar was desired to return the rice into his leaf. He did so, and it appeared as dry as when it went into his mouth: the grains seemed slightly crushed, but not broken, nor was there a particle of saliva adhering to them. The pundit then said: "This man's guilt is manifest; he dare not deny what all the gods declare so evidently." The khidmutgar's countenance certainly exhibited all the marks of guilt and confusion. A native has one advantage, that if he blushes, it cannot be seen, and "de non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio," but though, when under the influence of fear or rage, he does not exactly grow pale, his face assumes somewhat of the hue of an unripe lemon.

Such was the case in the present instance. He stood before me with his hands closed in the attitude of prayer, unable to look in my face, and trembling in every limb. I then told him I felt sure he was the thief, and discharged him on the spot, with forfeiture of all wages due. I sent for the *choudry* or head-man of the bazaar, and had his hut and boxes examined, but nothing was found; we searched his person with no better success; and he was resuming his turban with a triumphant air, when I perceived a suspicious-looking lump on the pendant end of it. The knot was opened, and disclosed a small bit of paper about four inches square, which proved to be a *hukud* or letter of credit for the exact sum I had lost, drawn by a *shroff* or native banker, and dated the previous day, being the one after the robbery. This was proof not to be withstood, and they were marching him off to jail, when he asked to speak to me in private. I took him a little apart, when he said, if I promised not to send him to the magistrate, he would restore the cash. This I promised, when he confessed that he was in his *botli khana*, or pantry, when he saw me put the money into my desk, and that while I was at mess the devil prompted him to steal it. The other things he concealed in a lot of fowls' feathers behind the cook-house, where we found them.

I will not leave it to physiologists to decide how fear, or the consciousness of guilt, acting on the salivary glands, can make them refuse to perform their usual office. I never saw the experiment repeated, nor did I ever hear of its being performed before a European, although I understand the native *punchayats* (courts of arbitration) frequently make use of it.

What made it more extraordinary in the present instance was, that the convicted person was a Mohammedan, and therefore unlikely to be influenced by the superstitious fear with which a Hindoo regards a Brahmin. Of course all the servants attributed it to the efficacy of the ceremonies performed by so holy a man, and we formed various conjectures on the subject. The surgeon gave us a most scientific elucidation, which left as no wiser than before; and Lieutenant Fast assured us, that whenever he despatched at all he felt a dryness in his mouth the following morning; that probably it would be much worse if he stole anything, but could not tell him he tried; and as I never heard of his essaying the experiment, I cannot tell my readers the result.

BURR'S OPINION OF LADIES.—"Test man," said he one day of a stranger who had just left the room, "is no gentleman." "Why not?" exclaimed the ladies in a chorus. "Because he introduced politics before ladies," answered Burr. "But, colonel, have ladies no sense, then?" With a smile, he said in his soft, whispering way, "All sense, madam, yet it is better to talk sweet little nothings to them."—*Parson's Life of Burr.*

A kiss, says a French lady, costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence.

PROPAGATION OF FISH.

The President of the American Institute, New York, lately read a lengthy paper on the subject of artificial propagation of fish. In answer to a question, he said:—The proposition that I made last year to the Legislature was that if a law was passed to protect seed, I would stock the waters of the State with salmon.

He also stated:—I have eight ponds upon my farm, stocked with forty-five kinds of fish, among which I have one pond of trout. They grow more rapidly in a pond where well-fed than in streams. I have also some in a cask, and they are so tame that they will come to me at the sound of a bell and eat from my hand. There is no reason why fish-growing cannot be made profitable. My gold-fish are very gentle and flourishing, but are not esteemed for food. They are, however, very ornamental.

I have one pond devoted to pike, which are extremely voracious, but have become quite docile. They pair about the first of April, and deposit their eggs, and never look after them again until their eggs are hatched, when the old pike devour their own offspring. Their favorite food is frogs. I think a small fish-pond would produce a greater profit than a ten-acre field well cultivated. The yellow perch is also a good fish, and does well in my ponds. Sometimes perch die from bursting their bladders in shallow water in warm weather.

The striped bass I have also succeeded in growing in fresh water to advantage, notwithstanding it is a sea fish. The common shad is the most interesting of all my fish. They spawn about 45,000 eggs each, and would multiply to a great extent if not destroyed. I have succeeded in growing shad in fresh water, and have had them to grow five or six pounds in a single year. In fact, I think the shad endures but a single year. A shad eats by suction, and never bites at a hook.

I have also a variety of fish from the great lakes, all of which are in a flourishing condition. I deposited in one pond 3,000 eels, and have succeeded in raising them by feeding them with salt, as they are only found naturally in situations where they have access to the ocean. I am satisfied that the eel is voracious, notwithstanding the contrary opinion has often been advanced.

The sense of smell in fish is generally very strong, and the sense of hearing is also well developed. The sight is also very keen in some species, though they cannot see in turbid water. The sucker is acutely sensible to touch. Their taste is the least delicate of any of the senses, since some of them devour food indiscriminately, without regard to quality. Fish for food are always in the finest condition when full of eggs.

After spawning, they deteriorate very rapidly. Fish food is proved to be nutritious and wholesome by the healthy condition of fishermen's families. I have not been able to domesticate cod-fish in fresh water ponds. I intend, however, to continue experiments. It is an interesting fact that the Common School Fund of Massachusetts owes its origin to cod-fishery. I expect to be able to domesticate the tench, the physician fish of the race, its slime serving to heal the wounds in other species. There is no difficulty in transporting fish ova from one part of the country to another, nor in hatching the young fish.—*Transactions of the American Institute.*

To the foregoing we would add the following from the London *Athenaeum*.

The experiment made by the Emperor of the French to stock the waters of St. Cloud with trout hatched artificially, has met with complete success. Trout twelve months old are eight inches long, and weigh from 2½ to 3½ ounces. Their value in the Paris market would be from 20 to 25 cents. The trout 33 months old are 19 to 20 inches long, and weigh from 24 to 41 ounces, and would sell from 60 cents to \$1.20. It is further stated that the waters at St. Cloud were never before inhabited by any species of *salmonidae*. The trout are extremely numerous, and promise to yield highly productive returns, in a commercial point of view. The principal object of the Emperor is to ascertain whether the production of fish by artificial means is more profitable than the cultivation of the land, taking the same superficial area in both cases.

REMARKS.—The above article, though brief, is interesting, and should have the effect to stir up those who have the appliances, to provide ponds and fill them with choice fish. There are hundreds of farms, now within our knowledge, possessing every facility for having large ponds supplied with fresh running water. Millions of fish could be propagated in them, affording at all seasons of the year not only a full provision for the family, but for a dozen families, or the surplus could be carried to market with the other products of the farm.

The reference to shad, and its length of life, is undoubtedly correct. We do not believe that the shad ever makes its appearance in our rivers a second time. In other words, it either reaches the "great deep" on its return. A gentleman at Reading, in this State with whom we were conversing on the subject a few days ago, informed us that when shad were formerly taken in the Schuylkill at that point (before the damming of the river), he every season saw thousands of shad which had died immediately after spawning. Those surviving for the time, looked ghastly and were just able to move. He has no doubt of the fact, that the fish never returns but once, matures in a single year, and then disappears. The young shad, when they leave us, at the end of the season, frequently attain the length of six inches, though generally about three or four, which proves that they grow rapidly.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—Many regard the kaleidoscope as a beautiful toy and nothing more; but Sir David Brewster shows how admirably it is adapted to furnishing or suggesting ornamental patterns in manufactures, especially now that its images can be fixed by photography. Symmetry being the foundation of all beauty, especially in conventional drawing, and the most perfect symmetry that can be conceived being secured by means of the instrument, it is obviously an arm the value of which to manufacturers cannot be over-estimated.

ARTISTIC AFFECTATION.

Many years ago, at Florence, the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man, whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself, with clasped hands, before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and, "There," he murmured, "is the Venus de Medici, and here I must stay—forever and forever!" He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady ——— had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue, another distinguished countryman, whose reputation for taste was better founded, and whose sensibility old age had not blunted, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber. We have been assured that an eminent actor, now no more, thought it necessary to be positively deprived of his breath by the first sight of the Apollo Belvedere, and panting to regain it, he convulsively clutched the arm of his companion, with difficulty articulating—"I breathe!"

Sir Walter Scott is one of the few men of eminence who have shown themselves entirely free from affectation and embarrassment in visiting the galleries of Italy. When the wonders of art were pointed out to him, more especially those that require a deeper knowledge to appreciate, he would ask, "Is that thought fine? Will you tell an ignorant body why it is fine?" Perhaps (the answer might be) you will see most readily in the grandeur of the dramatic effect—the depth of the expression—the way in which the story is told—"Ah, I can see that!" and as each point of excellence was explained in succession—the skill in grouping, the correctness of drawing, the beauty of form, or the harmony of color—he would reply, "Ah, I could fancy that," or "I could look at that till I thought I saw it!"—*London Quarterly.*

MRS. HEMANS.

In the following passage from Miss Jewsbury's *Three Histories*, she avowedly describes Mrs. Hemans:

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle; she subdued men. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic, in one word the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a golden anger."

"Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible or distasteful to her. Her knowledge was extensive and various; but true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, colored all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition. The one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness."

"She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness lay alike in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and a 'reed broken with the wind.' Her voice was a sweet, and melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree, with its 'Golden lamps, hid in a night of green,'"

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate blossoms burst the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her sadness she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

ORIGIN OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.—Gotham (says Grouse) is a village of Nottinghamshire, and its magistrates are said to have attempted to hedge in a cuckoo, and a hawk—called the Cuckoo's Bush—is still shown in support of the tradition. Many other ridiculous stories are told of the wise men of Gotham. A man, riding from Gotham market with two bushels of corn, was afraid of giving too much weight to his horse, and set the corn on his neck, and so rode to the end of his journey! A man has a cheese rolling out of his wallet on the road to market; and when he sees it run away down hill, he sets all the rest adrift in the same way, charging them all on their allegiance to meet him in the market place! Another buys an iron instrument with three legs, and under the sage metaphysical mistake that the legs necessarily imply motion, leaves it to get home by itself, because it could travel better than himself, having one leg more than he possessed! Others tie their rents in a large purse to a hare, and along with the purse a letter, and commission pass to go through two market towns to their landlord, who lives in a third!

PROUDHON ON SATAN.—Mr. Proudhon, the noted Socialist, says in his recent work, which has just been seized in France, by judicial process: "Come, Satan, come, thou the culminated of priests and of kings! Let me embrace thee, let me press thee to my bosom! Long is it that I have known thee, and long hast thou known me! Thy works, oh, blessed one of my heart! not always are they beautiful and good; but they alone give a meaning to the Universe, and save it from absurdity. What would man be without thee? A beast. Thou alone animatest and fecundatest labor; thou ennoblest wealth; thou exorcisest power; thou pulstest stamp on virtue! Hope thou still, thou proscrit one! I have to serve thee but a single pen, but it is worth millions of bulletins."

MY FRIEND.

My friend has a cheerful smile of his own,
And a musical tongue that he,
We sit and look in each other's face
And are very good company.
A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast,
And the wassailers just and roars,
My friend and I, with a right good-will,
We bolt the chamber door:
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair,
And reddens my ashen cheeks;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks;
Knows me as well as some had known,
Were things—what matters as they be:
But hey, what matters? My friend and I
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair,
Faces that are—that used to be—
And those that never were.
My wife sits beside the hearth,
My little ones frolic wild:
Though—lilies' wedded these twenty year,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh
May weep to-morrow: and they
Their tears long wiped away,
Let us burn out, like you, my friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last, then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,
Or—in something quieter still, where we
Lie down, to arise all fair,
And young, and happy—why then, my friend,
If either friends ask for me,
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died
In the best of all company!

RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was a very blue look-out: Captain Courtney had called it so, when he was examining his Christmas bills; but that blue was *couleur de rose*, compared with the deep blue of the look-out now. With some trouble, and at a considerable sacrifice, he succeeded, after a week's incarceration, in "arranging matters;" but to do so, cost him far more than his improvidence had bargained for: his income was cut down two-fifths, and would continue thus docked, for many years to come.

They left their house at Brompton, (to economize there, in the very sight of their intimate friends and neighbors, would be too galling,) and settled in a smaller one, with their children, four now, and two servants. Perhaps the most crucial point in the whole affair, to Mrs. Courtney, was the being reduced to keep but two, a nurse and a maid-of-all-work. If she had despised one thing more than another in her sister's household, a year had married for love, upon three hundred a year, it was that useful but sometimes very troublesome appendage, a servant-of-all-work. The house they moved into was close to that of her sister, Mrs. Lance; and for some time after taking possession of it, Mrs. Courtney chiefly spent her days in tears, and Captain Courtney in sitting over the fire, with a pipe and a newspaper.

The poor captain was really to be pitied. He had the misfortune to be an idle man, a man of no profession or occupation; and he had been obliged to give up his comfortable (and expensive) club, his opera, and his kid gloves. All his old habits, confirmed and strong, were rudely broken through, and instead of playing the dandy abroad, he gave way to the sulks at home.

It was not altogether a desirable home, for Mrs. Courtney had no idea of management; the servants scolding what sort of a mistress they had, showed less, and the young children tore about the house uncontrolled, destroying the peace of every room, and frequently coming to grief and screams. As to saving in the domestic details of housekeeping, Mrs. Courtney had not the faintest conception how to begin, and the house remained a perpetual scene of worry and confusion.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Lance were sitting together after dinner, in their comfortable dining-room, in their pleasant house. Not that their house was fine or large, but pleasant and comfortable it certainly was: for there were no storms in it, whether from parents, servants, or children, but there was well-ordered regularity. Their children—they had three—were with them now, but they were not trained to give way to wayward humors. Whilst they were talking, Mrs. Courtney was shown in, and down she immediately sat upon a chair and burst into tears. Mrs. and Mrs. Lance approached her with surprise and commiseration; and little Annie, the eldest child, was so aghast at the sight, that she backed against the wall, in doubt whether she should not set up a cry too.

"I am tired and worried out of my life, Annie," began Mrs. Courtney to her sister. "All my efforts to be a good manager turn out wrong. I thought I would try and do the dinner to-day, for that servant of mine is so ineffectual and extravagant: I said there was enough mutton in the house for dinner, made into a haricot—"

"Do you mean an Irish stew?" interrupted Mrs. Lance.

"That's what vulgar people call it, Annie. Susan drew down the corners of her mouth, and said not as she made it: so she remark nettled me, and I said I would do it myself. And I thought I did do it beautifully," added the unhappy lady, with a choking sob between every other word, "and when it came to be turned out it was all burnt black to the sauceman, and smelt like a dozen blankets on fire."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Lance.

"So there was no dinner for any of us, and

the captain went out, swearing, with a bang that shook the ceilings, to get some where he could. Do give me a few lessons, Annie, and tell me how you manage—though I used to laugh at your ways. I am afraid I'll swear at you next, and I should never survive that."

Mr. Lance rose from his chair and smiled. "It will all come right, Mrs. Courtney, if you only have a little perseverance. Annie was a good manager from the first, but she is better now. And while you take your first lesson, I will go in to my friend Desborough: I was telling Annie, when you came, that I owed him a visit."

"I could not swallow a scrap of anything if you paid me, I'm too miserable," sobbed Mrs. Courtney, interrupting her sister's hospitable intentions. "I will drink a cup of tea when you take yours."

"You shall have it directly, Auguste. The servants must have finished dinner by now, and the children shall go back to the nursery."

"Tell me exactly how you manage throughout the day, Annie," said Mrs. Courtney, when they were alone. "I will try, in my own house, to imitate it."

"I manage much as I used to do in my early married days, only there is more to do," said Mrs. Lance. "Mary gets up at six—"

"And my beauty crawls down stairs at eight," interrupted Mrs. Courtney, in a tone of wrath, "and the more I talk to her, the longer she lies; and the nurse is worse."

"Those sort of servants would be useless in my house," said Annie. "We breakfast at eight, and I am out of bed before seven."

"What in the world do you get up so soon for? You, I mean. It is unnecessary to rise before seven for an eight o'clock breakfast."

"I find it none too early. I like to be neatly dressed; not to come down stairs 'a figure,' as it is called, in badly arranged hair, or an untidy, ugly dressing-gown. Then I spare a few minutes for my private reading, and a minute for the nursery, for I do not choose Annie to slur over little prayers to a careless nurse. I hope you always hear your children there, Auguste."

"I hear them now and then at night, if I have time; never in a morning: I don't think they say any. What do prayers matter for such little children?"

"The impressions made on young children last forever, and they tend to good or to evil," remarked Annie, in a low voice. "But let me go on. Annie breakfasts with us, the other two with nurse in the kitchen: they are too young for that to hurt them," she added, in a meaning tone. "Afterwards, when Geoffrey is gone, I read to Annie for five minutes, or so—"

"Read what?" asked Mrs. Courtney, in surprise. "Fairies tales?"

"Bible stories," added Mrs. Lance, gravely. "What would become of me, of them, if I did not strive to train my children to God? How should I answer for it hereafter? Then begins the business of the day. I occupy myself in the nursery and mind the children, while nurse helps with the beds; and the—"

"Making yourself a nurse the first thing in the morning!" groaned Mrs. Courtney; "I'm sure I can never bring myself to do that."

"Everybody to their taste," laughed Annie. "I would rather be a nurse in the morning than in the evening. When the beds are made, nurse relieves me, and I go down and help Mary in the kitchen. Sometimes I wash the breakfast things, and make a pudding, sometimes I iron the fine things: in short, I do what there is to do, of the work I have appointed to myself. By eleven or twelve o'clock, as it may happen, it is all done, and I am at liberty for the day, to sit down in the drawing-room, to my sewing, and chat with my friends who may call to see me. Useful sewing now, Auguste," she laughed; "no longer embroidery, or drawing, or painting, or wax flowers."

"Have you given up all those pleasant recreations?"

"I really fear I have. I find no time for them. I make all my children's things, and part of my own and my husband's. On washing-days I am in the nursery till dinner-time, and we always, that day, have cold dinner, that both servants may help. You see I manage as I used to, and it is only repeating what I have told you before."

"You do seem to have such super-excellent servants!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, in a sarcastic tone.

"Yes, I have very good ones. Servants are much cried out against, and no doubt some are good and some are bad, but they should be carefully chosen before admitted to the house, and I think that a good mistress generally meets with good servants. I do not mean that mine are faultless: it would indeed be a miracle: but they know they are well off with me, for though I am resolute in having their duties thoroughly performed, I am a considerable mistress, anxious for their own comfort and welfare."

"And you never have but one dinner. Aunt Clem went on so to me once in the other house, about my having two dinners, one for ourselves and another for the servants. She called it waste."

"It is so," answered Mrs. Lance; "both of time and provisions. The children have theirs in the middle of the day, they are too young to wait, but that is not much trouble. A rice pudding, perhaps, and a bit of steak, or two mutton chops: the baby does not eat meat yet."

"But my servants grumble my life out when I order only one dinner: it was my saying they must wait to-day, and dine after us, that put Susan out about the meat."

"I do not wonder at it: with such irregularity, when to them must appear like caprice, how can you expect cheerful obedience? Let them understand, once for all, that they dine after you, and if they persist in being discontented, the best plan will be to change."

"Change! I am always changing: you know I am, Annie. And then the taking out of the children—oh, the worry it is! Of course I am not going streaming out with them, and Susan can't go and leave the house, so I hire a girl, the green-grocer's daughter, and give her sixpence a time, but the nurse does not choose to approve of it, and says she is more plague than help."

"Ah, we are well off in that respect," said Mrs. Lance, with animation. "We have no right to the square, not absolutely living in it,

but somehow we are popular in the neighborhood, and have had a key given to us. It is so useful: the nurse goes there with all three children, and can sit down with the baby whilst Annie and the boy run about."

"All things seem to turn up well for you," rejoined Mrs. Courtney, querulously. "I'm sure they don't for most people. I wish I could get a key of the square."

"I think that when people set their faces resolutely to their duty and strive to make the best of it, humbly trusting to be helped in it, that many things do turn up for them quite wonderfully," answered Mrs. Lance, gently.

"Annie! the idea of your mixing up religious notions with the petty concerns of life! It is quite methodical."

"Rather high church, of the two, I fancy," responded Annie, good humoredly. "But rely upon it, Auguste, that until people have learnt to remember that God's eye is upon them in all the trifles of daily life, they have not learnt how to live."

"You harp, too, upon 'system' and 'regularity.' I know I shall never learn to practice either."

"But you must; for the comfort of a family mainly depends upon that. At five, while we dine, the children take their tea in the nursery, and when we have finished, they come to us while the servants dine. By seven, the children are in bed."

"And then you sit stitching away here all the evening?" said Mrs. Courtney.

"Very often I do, and Geoffrey reads to me: the newspaper, or our periodicals. And nurse does her part to the stitching in the nursery."

"Such a humdrum, Darby-and-John sort of life!"

"We would not change it for yours, Auguste," laughed Annie. "But I do not work always: sometimes I read, or we play at chess, or cribbage, and now and then a friend drops in, or we drop in to a friend's. Believe me, we are thoroughly happy and contented. I told mamma I knew we could manage well on three hundred a year, and we have done so, and are fully satisfied. All of you, except papa, have spoken scornfully of my lowering myself to two servants, and one of those a nurse, but I have more regularity and comfort in my house than you had with your four. No one who comes here sees them otherwise than perfectly neat and tidy: for both the servants understand that were they to appear otherwise, they must look out for fresh situations."

"Do your servants have meat at luncheon?"

"Never. They have it at one meal only—dinner. They eat as much as they please then. Believe me, Auguste, we have no stinting in necessities, though we cannot afford luxuries."

"You are not too luxurious in dress, that's certain," said Mrs. Courtney, looking at her sister's, a ruby merino; "and yet, it really looks well," she added, "with its pretty trimmings of fringe."

"Quite as well, for a home dress, as your rich silk, Auguste. Especially with that great splash of grease down the front."

"Splash of grease!" echoed Mrs. Courtney, hastily casting her eyes on her dress, and beholding a broad, running stain. "There! I must have done that to-day, meddling with that abominable cooking."

"You surely did not do your cooking in that expensive dress!" exclaimed the younger sister.

"What else could I do it in?" fretfully rejoined Mrs. Courtney. "I could not be in a shabby wrapper and a loose, dirty jacket over it at two or three o'clock in the day, when people might be calling."

"I would not be seen in either, at any time, Auguste. But there's the advantage of getting over these domestic jobs early in the day. You should have a large apron to put on in the kitchen, as I do."

"To save that dress!" sarcastically asked Auguste Courtney, who was in a thorough ill-temper.

"No, this is not my morning dress," quietly returned her sister. "That is only alpaca. But it is nicely made, not a 'wrapper' or a 'loose jacket,' and is neither dirty nor shabby."

"How do you make soup?" pursued Mrs. Courtney, ignoring the implied reproof. "Susan sends up cups all water, and the captain can't eat it; although she has four pounds of meat to make it with, which looks boiled to rags, fit only to throw away."

"Oh, Auguste! four pounds of meat wasted in soup! You will never economize at that rate. Poor people—as perhaps I may venture to call you now, write themselves—should never attempt expensive soups. For them it is waste of money."

"I'm sure I have heard you talk of having soup often enough," angrily returned Mrs. Courtney.

"Yes, soups that cost nothing, or next to nothing."

"Like that paragon soup?" cried Mrs. Courtney, bursting into a laugh. "Do you remember, Annie? You came home from one of your visits at Aunt Rottley's, boasting of some delicious, cheap soup; and when mamma inquired how this delicious, cheap soup was made, you said of young pea-soup. It remained a standing joke against you. Is that how your soups are made?"

"No. Winter is not the season for pea-soups. But I suppose what I am going to say to you will appear quite as much of a joke. We rarely make our pea-soup of anything but bones."

"Bones!" repeated Mrs. Courtney, as much astonished as if her sister had said feathers.

"We never waste a bone. Beef-bones, mutton-bones, all, in short, are boiled, and boiled long, for about twelve hours; they stand by the side of the kitchen fire, not monopolizing it: with an onion or two, a turnip, a carrot, and celery. It is all strained off, and the next morning is in a jelly. The peas are then boiled in it with some mint, and it is an excellent soup. Then sometimes we have the French soup, as we call it. That poor French governess whom I invited to stay with me when she lost her situation, taught Mary how to make it. She used to make it for herself on Fridays, and say she preferred it to fish. I thought at first she said it out of delicacy, to prevent my going to the expense of fish for her, but I believed after-

wards that she really did prefer it. It was a treat to her, for she never got it in England."

"What soup is it?"

"The French call it *soupe maigre*. On fast-days they put a piece of butter into a sauceman, and on other days a piece of dripping, let it melt, and put into it a quantity of vegetables, finely cut in small pieces, carrots, turnips, leeks and potatoes. They stir all these about over the fire, till they are well saturated with the dripping or butter, but not to brown them, then fill up the sauceman with water, and let it boil for two or three hours, adding pepper and salt to taste. You cannot think what a nice soup it makes."

"I am willing to take your word for it," returned Mrs. Courtney, with an ungrecious accent. "Soup made of dripping, and pea-soup made of bones! I wonder what the captain would say if I placed such before him."

"If placed before him, well made, he would say they were excellent," was the rejoinder of Annie. "My husband thinks them so, and it is not necessary to proclaim my mysteries of economy over the dinner-table. Both these soups are very grateful on a cold winter's day. Besides," she laughed, "they save the meat; my servants like these soups so much now that they often make their dinner of them, and will put away the meat untouched. Auguste," broke off Mrs. Lance, in a changed tone, "if you are to despise every word I say, as I see you do, why come to me for information?"

"No, I do not despise your words, Annie; I am obliged to you for being at the trouble to explain to me; but I cannot help despising the cookery; the odd, parsimonious way of concealing soup out of nothing. It is so ridiculous!"

"Had I begun life upon the income you did, Auguste, I dare say I should never have learnt these frugal odds and ends of cookery. But I can testify that they are very helpful both to comfort and to the purse; and if those who enjoy but my confined income do not understand them, or have them practised in their household, they ought to do so."

"What ought pies to be made of?" interrupted Mrs. Courtney, remembering another domestic mystery block.

"Many things. Apples, and rhubarb, and—"

"Nonsense, Annie! You know I meant the crust."

"No, I did not. I make mine of lard. Sometimes of beef dripping."

"Beef drip—Well, what next? You must have learnt that at the paragonage."

"No, indeed, the paragonage was not rich enough to possess dripping. If by good luck it did get any, the children used to scramble for it to put on their bread. Nicely clarified, it makes a very fair crust. But I generally use lard."

"Susan won't use anything but the best fresh butter; such a quantity; about a pound and a half to every pie."

"Make them yourself, Auguste."

"I can't; nobody can eat them. I have tried my hand at three or four, and they were as hard as lead, and could not be cut into; you might throw them from here to York, and they'd never break. But all these things are nothing to the washing; that's dreadful. I have taken to have most of it done at home, for the expense was ruinous, and the servants would not so much as rub out a duster. Every Monday morning a woman comes—"

"You should have it done on Tuesday," interrupted Annie, "and the clothes should be soaped and put in soak on Monday morning; they come clean with half the labor. And every fortnight would be often enough."

"They seem not to come clean at all in our house," groaned Mrs. Courtney. "I tell Susan she must help the woman, but I believe all the help she gives is gossip. Three days every week is that washerwoman with us, and she has two shillings a day, and sets about to last her till she comes again the next week; and the house is in a steam and a warfare all three days, for they won't keep the doors shut, and the servants won't iron, or fold, saying they have no time, and the things go to the maugling woman in the rough, and she folds them and charges double pay, and they come home as wet as water, and he about for days, to be aired. Altogether, the clothes don't get put away till the Monday comes round again."

"I could not live in such a house!" exclaimed Annie. "We wash every other Tuesday, as I tell you, and by Thursday night the things are in the drawers, except what may want mending."

"You must have Aladdin's lamp. However do you manage it?"

"Management and system; with, of course, industry. Unless you can bring such to bear in your house, Auguste, it will be the same scene of confusion forever. How uncomfortable it must make your husband."

"It makes him very cross, if you mean that. It is all confusion; no comfort and no peace."

Mrs. Courtney had good cause to say so, and the confusion grew more confused as time went on. She made strenuous efforts, to the best of her ability, to remedy it, but succeeded she could not. She changed her servants perpetually, she made sudden plunges, by file and starts, into the arts of cooking and constricting, but the only results were the spoiling of provisions, the waste of money, short commons, and ill temper on all sides. Her husband took refuge again in his club, for society, sheery drove out of his own house, which augmented expenses greatly.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Courtney sat one summer's morning in his stockings, the image of patience, looking at a very untidy breakfast-table, and wishing he could also look at some breakfast; and two children were lying about the room, their heads full of bread-and-butter, which was being shared between their mouths and the carpet.

"It's too bad, Auguste," said he, as his wife came in: "twenty minutes past ten, and the breakfast not up. What's the matter?"

"Leisurely eating her own breakfast, and the nurse with her," replied Mrs. Courtney; "and the only answer I can get from her is: 'the kettle don't boil, and she ain't the fire to make it boil sooner than it will.'"

"That is always the excuse," sighed poor Captain Courtney. "No breakfast, because

there's no boiling water. What does she do in a morning? Bo still, can't you, Bob?"

"She makes their own breakfast first, and then she puts the kettle again to boil for us. It's of no use talking to her; she is getting lazier already, and has been here but ten days."

"There's not a thing touched yet, and the kitchen is as she left it last night."

"I want my boots."

"There's not a boot or shoe cleaned. Why don't you put on your slippers?"

"Because I can't find them. Bob, where was it you saw my slippers?"

"In the oven, pa, all burnt up. We wondered what it was smelt so yesterday, and when Harriet looked in the oven, it was the slippers."

"Who put them there?" angrily demanded Mrs. Courtney.

"I don't know," answered Bob. "Harriet said she didn't. Perhaps it was the bogey."

"Hallo!" cried out the captain. "Who, sir?"

"The bogey, pa."

"Who told you anything about the bogey?"

"Liza does. When Emily and Freddy won't go to sleep, Liza goes and calls the bogey. He made us scream so the other night, when he began to walk along the passage to fetch us."

"This is infamous!" uttered Captain Courtney to his wife. "Nothing can be so bad as frightening children; they may never entirely forget its effects. Auguste, if any servant in the house dares to frighten my children, she shall go out of it, so inquire into this. Why don't you see after things better?"

"I am seeing after things from morning till night, I think," retorted Mrs. Courtney, who had not been down stairs ten minutes.

"And 'Liza'—what a pronunciation! Where do they pick it up?"

"Oh, from the servants," replied Mrs. Courtney, apathetically. "Eliza herself speaks badly."

"I cannot make it out," exclaimed poor Captain Courtney, in an impassioned, but helpless tone; "no other family seems to have such servants as we get. They do nothing; they are troublesome in all ways. Look at those two children; the buttons off their shoes, their socks dirty; their pinafores in holes, their hair uncombed! Bob! Emily! have you been washed this morning?"

"No," was the children's answer. "Liza don't wash us till she takes us out in the day. It don't matter, she says."

The breakfast came in at last. And in discussing the merits of a capital ham (actually boiled well, by some mistake) the captain grew pleasant and talkative.

"We had a snug party at the club last night, and a famous rubber. I cut in three times."

"Did you win?" inquired his wife.

"No," said the captain, ingenuously. "I lost eleven points."

"Which was eleven shillings out of your pocket, and we can't afford it. You ought not to go there so much."

"Then you should make the house habitable."

"I don't make it inhabitable, Robert; it's these wretches of servants."

"It's something," said the captain. "By the way," he added, a recollection coming over him, "Ord has returned, and was there. He is coming to dine with us to-day."

"Oh! how could you ask him, Robert? Such a fuss and trouble as it will be."

"He asked himself; said he wanted to see you and the children. Nothing pleases you, Auguste. I go out too much, you say; and I am not to have a friend here; what am I to do? Sit in this room all day and all night, counting my fingers, while you storm at the ill-doings in the kitchen?"

"If my servants were worth anything, I would not mind who came; but I suspect if we give Harriet two things to cook, she'll spoil one."

"Ord will take us as he finds us.—Will you children be quiet?—He knows it is not with us as it used to be, and he is a good fellow. A bit of fish and a joint; it's all we need have."

"No fish, no fish," hastily cried Mrs. Courtney. "Remember that piece of salmon on Sunday; she sent it up in rags, on a bare dish, and all the scales on. I'll get some soup instead."

"Very well. Friday; it's not a very good day for choice, but I'll go out and cater for you, as I walk to the club. I am going directly after breakfast."

The result of the captain's catering proved to be a piece of meat for soup, some lamb chops, a couple of fine ducks, green peas, asparagus, and young potatoes.

"The ducks must be stuffed, Harriet," observed Mrs. Courtney, "and you must make a nice gravy for them."

"The gravy falls from 'em in roasting, don't it?" was Harriet's response.

"No," wrathfully returned Mrs. Courtney, "don't you know better than that? It must be a made gravy, and a very good one."

"That'll make another sauceman on the fire," cried Harriet; "I must have the range out as wide as he'll go. I'll be a bother to get them feathers off the wings."

"What!" uttered Mrs. Courtney, the remark causing her to look round hastily at the ducks. And then she saw that the inexperienced captain had not ordered them to be made ready for dressing, but had bought and sent them home just as they were displayed in the poultryer's shop, part of their feathers on, and their heads hanging down.

"If ever I saw anything so stupid in all my life!" uttered she, in her vexation. "And we don't know where they were bought, to send them back to be done. You must draw and trust them, Harriet."

"Never drawn no animal in my life, and don't know how to do it," promptly returned Harriet.

Neither did Mrs. Courtney know. And she forsook the day would have some perplexity. Harriet suggested that Mrs. Brown should come in, and her mistress eagerly caught at it; so the children were left to the mercies of the stairs, like Mrs. Jellaby's Peep, while Eliza was sentifying round the neighborhood in search of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was the weekly

washerwoman, and the two servants were on very good terms with her.

"Do you know how to prepare ducks for roasting?" was the anxious question Mrs. Courtney put to her, when she returned with Eliza.

"Please, mem, I've seen 'em done. I can't say as I've had a deal of experience in such like. But in the matter of scouring out of saucemans, and putting on of coal, and getting ready of plates and dishes, and scraping of potatoes, and shelling of peas, and all them odd jobs, there ain't nobody more quicker nor handle: than me."

"Please, gentlemen, we had a mishap," said the waiter, "but it is only in three places, and can be fixed."

"Where's the mishap?" severely demanded Captain Courtney.

"Please, sir, she's in the kitchen."

"Go down there, and send her up."

Mrs. Brown went down; but Mrs. Brown came up again.

"Please, gentlemen, Harriet hasn't a clean-dish of herself, and she's rather black. Please, as soon as she has dished up her ducks and chops, she says she'll wash her hands and face, and come."

Poor Mrs. Courtney's face wanted washing—washing with some cooling lotion, to allay its fever heat. The captain, helpless and crestfallen, served out the soup.

"What soup d'ye call this?" unceremoniously asked Aunt Clem, at the first spoonful.

"Vermicelli soup," replied Mrs. Courtney.

"Are you sure it is not made of coffee-berries?" returned Aunt Clem.

Whether the soup was made of water, or grease, or coffee-berries, nobody could tell; but it was like a mixture of all three.

"If these are not coffee-berries, I never saw coffee-berries," persisted Aunt Clem, striking her spoon against sundry hard brown substances in her plate.

"They are coffee-berries," uttered the perplexed captain.

"Please, gentlemen, when Harriet was a going to put in the vermicelli, she laid hold on the wrong paper, and the coffee-berries slipped in afore she found out her mistake," explained Mrs. Brown. "There was no time to fish 'em out again."

Apart from the coffee-berries, the soup was unpalatable, and the spoons were laid down.

"Take it away," said the captain.

So Mrs. Brown carried away the pie-dish, and upon returning to remove the respective plates, she asked first, individually, "Please, had they done with it?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Courtney," said Major Ord, good-naturedly; "misfortunes will happen, you know, in the best regulated family. I am an old traveller, and think nothing of them."

"Let us hope what's coming will be better," observed the captain. "And we'll try the wine meanwhile, major."

What was coming was tolerably long in coming, and Mrs. Courtney got hotter, but when it did come, it came in triumph. Harriet (in clean hands and face, and a gown all grease,) bearing one dish, and Mrs. Brown another, and then both returned for the vegetables. The major gently rubbed his hands, and the covers were removed.

"Lamb chops and ducks, major," said Mrs. Courtney. "We made no stranger of you."

Which were the chops and which were the ducks? The dish before Mrs. Courtney appeared to contain a mass of something as black as chips. It was the chops, burnt to a coal. That was unpardonable of Harriet, for she could cook chops well. "I fear I cannot recommend the chops," said the miserable hostess, "but I think I can the—"

Mrs. Courtney came to a dead stand still. For upon looking towards the ducks she was struck by the extraordinary appearance they presented. The captain was also gazing upon them with open mouth, and Aunt Clem was putting on her spectacles for a better view.

"What d'ye call them?" asked Aunt Clem. "They must be some foreign-shaped creatures from abroad."

"Harriet, are those the ducks?" uttered Mrs. Courtney.

They were the ducks, but—

"If I don't believe they have been cooked with their heads on!" interrupted Aunt Clem. "And those things, sticking up in the air, are the beaks, and those four things are their eyes. My gracious, girl!" turning sharply round to Harriet, "did you ever see ducks cooked with their heads on, before?"

The heads had been elevated, in an ingenious way, a quarter of a yard high, by means of upright skewers, with, as Aunt Clem expressed it, the beaks sticking up. The feet were sticking up also, and spread out like fans. Harriet made her escape from the room.

"They won't eat the worse for it," said Major Ord good-naturedly; and the captain proceeded to carve them in the best manner he could, considering the array of skewers.

"Stuffing, major!"

"If you please. It is called a vulgar taste, I believe, but I plead guilty to liking it."

"So do I, sir," said Aunt Clem, fixing her spectacles on the major's face, "and I hope I never shall shrink from avowing it, though the world does seem to be turning itself topsy-turvy, spinning after what it calls refinement. A duck, without the sage and onions, wouldn't be a duck to me."

"Nor to me either, ma'am," said the major.

"What very extraordinary stuffing!" uttered Aunt Clem, who was the first helped. "What it made of!" continued she, sniffing and tasting.

"Made of?" hesitated the unhappy Mrs. Courtney.

"Please, gentlemen, it's chiefly made of nut, with thyme and parsley and crumbled bread and pepper and salt," spoke up Mrs. Brown.

"Fortune be good to us!" uttered Aunt Clem, "why that's a real stuffing. Ducks are stuffed with sage and onions."

"Please, gentlemen, I told Harriet I had seen 'em done with eggs and onions, and she asked if I thought I knewed better than her."

"Will you have any of it, major?" inquired the captain, very quietly, in his mortification.

"Well, I don't know. How will it taste?"

The vegetables would have been very good had they been done, but the peas were as hard as the coffee-berries, and the grass, as Aunt Clem called it, had never been united from the bundle in which it was bought. The young potatoes were in a mass. They were trying to make a dinner, when a diversion occurred: the children, returning home from their walk, burst into the room, and, undisciplined and wilful as they were, could only be got rid of by force, the captain being obliged to rise from table and assist in the ejection, whilst their screams frightened the visitor and deafened Aunt Clem. Poor Captain Courtney almost swore a mental oath that he would run away to Africa with morning light.

"Oh, Aunt Clem! did ever anything go so

unfortunate!" burst forth Mrs. Courtney, in a shower of squalling tears, the moment she escaped from the dining-room. "What is to be done? What will Major Ord think of me, as the mistress of such a household—such house-keeping?"

"He will think you are an idiot," was the complimentary reply of Aunt Clem. "And so do I. I am going to Mrs. Lance now; it is late."

"I'll go with you," feverishly uttered Augusta. "I cannot stay here, and face my husband and the major at coffee."

"Caution the kitchen first, then, that they don't make the coffee of vermicelli," retorted Aunt Clem.

The peccol home of her sister Annie, everything so quiet and orderly, was like a heaven of rest, after her own, to Mrs. Courtney. Dr. and Mrs. Marsh were there, but Mr. Lance had not returned from town, to the extreme surprise, if not alarm, of his wife, for he was always punctual. He soon came in, and Captain Courtney with him, Major Ord having pleaded an evening engagement.

"We cannot go on like this," cried the captain, suppressing his temper, as he looked at his sobbing wife, who had been detailing her grievances. "Where lies the fault; and what is to be done?"

"I think the fault lies in Augusta's incapacity for management," said Dr. Marsh, "and—"

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "you don't know how I have tried to learn."

"And in your being unable, both of you, to accommodate yourself to your reduced income," he added. "Augusta, child, you interrupted me. It is now three hundred a year; but with all your discomfort, you must be exceeding it."

"Four hundred won't cover our expenses this year," answered the captain, gloomily.

"And what will they be next," choked Augusta, "when there's going to be—I'm afraid—another—baby?"

An ominous pause ensued: all present felt that such prospects were not bright ones. Aunt Clem broke in with a groan:

"Oh, of course; that's sure to be it. The less they are wanted, the more they come."

"Courtney," observed the doctor, "your club and your out-door luxuries must be incompatible with your means."

"I can't live without my club," interrupted the captain, in an earnest accent; "I must have some refuge from such a home as mine. And how to spend less in any one point than we do, is more than I can tell; or Augusta either, I believe. Lance—Annie—why don't you teach us your secret?"

"Ah, we began at the right end," said Mr. Lance; "we economized at first, and it is now pleasant to us. We have had to practise self-denial patiently, to bear and forbear; but we have every wished-for comfort, and are happy."

"And you seem to live well, and you sometimes have a friend to dine with you, Lance," cried the captain.

"To be sure. We do not keep ourselves to ourselves, like hermits."

"And he does not get soup made of grease and coffee-berries, and ducks roasted with their heads on, and stuffed with nut; and a she animal in a beard and a shawl to wait upon him!" grumbled the captain, which sent Mr. Lance into an explosion of laughter, for he had not heard of the mishap of the day.

"It is of no use to mince the matter," cried Aunt Clem to the captain and his wife, in her most uncompromising voice. "You two never ought to have married; you are not fitted by nature to get along on a limited income, and turn its inconveniences into pleasures. What's more, you never will: you will go on this miserable way forever; and what will be the end of it, I don't know."

There was another pause: for Aunt Clem's words were true, and could not be gainsaid.

"I wish I had your occupation, Lance; or some other," exclaimed the captain.

"I wish you had, indeed. An idle man needs to have a pocket full of money."

"But, Lance," mused the captain, "you must have brought a strong will to bear down your old habits when you married Annie."

"Yes; and as strong a conscience," replied Mr. Lance, in a low tone. "We both deliberated well upon what we were going to do, and we felt that we could go through with it and succeed. It is difficult for men, brought up in expensive habits, as you and I were, Courtney, to subdue them effectually, and become quiet members of society, men of reflection, good husbands and fathers, and remain so, without a struggle. Temptations to relapse, beset us on all sides; and few find out the way, and acquire the inward strength to resist them. But if it is found and acquired, the struggle soon ceases, and all the rest is easy."

"But you will never find it out, captain," exclaimed Aunt Clem; "you and Augusta are of the wrong sort. Geoffrey and Annie set out in the practice of self-denial: Annie in the shape of dress, visiting, and gaiety, and Geoffrey in that of out-door society. Annie, too, had the knack of domestic economy; Augusta has not; and there's a great deal in that. Some are born with it, and others seem as if they can never acquire it, try as they will."

"And what will you do for money, when your children want educating, Augusta?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma," was the helpless answer.

"We are putting by for that," said Annie.

"Putting by out of three hundred a year!" ejaculated Captain Courtney.

"A little," she replied. "And the first year or two of our marriage we were enabled to put by really a great deal. But it causes me many an anxious thought, for I knew how expensive education is."

"We shall weather it, Annie," said her husband.

"Yes," she sighed, "I hope we shall. And I believe we shall," she added, more cheerfully: "I never lose my trust, save in some wrong moment of despondency. Augusta has made me look on the dark side of things to-night."

"I know we shall," Mr. Lance replied, gazing at her with a meaning smile and a bright eye. "The half-yearly meeting of the institution took place to-day, and the governors had me before them, said some civil things to me, and raised my salary. It was what I never expected."

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

A COMMON COMPLAINT—MAJESTY IN MINATURE—AN ASTONISHING FEAT—A VISIT TO ROSA BONHEUR.

Paris, May 13, 1858.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more delectable than the sort of Spring we are having. The precocious heat of March and the early part of April brought on the stone-fruit, and Spring toilettes just as precociously; and from the middle of April until now, we have had tremendous gales of north-east wind that have shaken down apricots, cherries, and plums by the million, and nightfrosts that have driven Spring toilets back into their closets, and their wearers back into the substantial comforts of Winter clothing. Yet the sun is warm, in spite of the coldness of the wind; one is heated at one moment, and chilled the next; and people are suffering from all this, in health and in temper, as is usual under such irregular and uncomfortable circumstances.

The Queen of Holland—a cousin of the Emperor, is here on a visit; and has just been escorted by the Prefect of the Seine over the new market-hall, of which I gave your readers the benefit of a full description in a former letter. It is a most curious place, and well worth a visit from crowned or uncrowned people. Her Dutch majesty—belonging to the "small deer" of royalty, will be fitted in the palace of her Imperial relative; but so great tumult will be made for her. As to the deliberations of the Congress now holding its "Supplementary Session" here, we have as yet heard very little of its doings.

Mr. Bary, and his wonderful horse-taming invention, still pre-occupies the public mind; as much from curiosity as to what the secret can be, as from interest in what appears to be a very precious and important discovery. Meantime, for the benefit of those who are interested in hippic matters, let me narrate the extraordinary feat just performed here by one of their favorite quadrupeds.

A few days ago, at 11 o'clock at night (to make use of a rather Hibernian mode of expression!) a horse, which had just been unharnessed in the court of a house in the Rue St. Florentin, near the entrance of the Champs Elysees, having probably taken fright at something or other, made a sudden spring, and bounded out of the court, and into the street; so suddenly that the groom who had just taken him out of harness, could not even see in which direction he had disappeared.

Next day it was ascertained that he had been seen by different persons, galloping by with the speed of the wind, in the old German legends, and disappearing a moment afterwards in the surrounding darkness. He had been last seen at the barrier de l'Etoile, at the upper end of the Champs Elysees, at a little past midnight. The agents of the Octroi had tried to stop him, but the horse, leaping at a bound the low, stone wall opposite the guard-house, had vanished down the Avenue de l'Imperatrice.

Next morning, at half-past four o'clock, the men employed in the stables of Mr. Bernheim, a horse-dealer, in the Rue Charlot, just outside the barrier de l'Etoile, espied the horse wandering about the Rond-point, and endeavored to take him, when the animal pushed off down the Rue de l'Etoile, where a number of masons, who were just going to their work, placed themselves before him, so as to bar his farther progress. Turning round towards the entrance of the street, the horse perceived a company of the stable men preparing to cut off his retreat; and, spying a dog standing ajar at the entrance of an alley, he pushed against it, and trotting down the alley, arrived at the door of a house at the farther end, which he entered, and at once, to the stupefaction of the concierge who had put his night-capped head out through the window of the *logis* to see what was the matter, began to climb the stairs with great caution, but with an evident determination to get up to the top. The staircase, spiral, and very narrow, is also very steep, and four stories high; with the door of each story opening upon it. Though the staircase is less than a yard in width, as we learn from a distinguished authority in all matters relating to horses, who has measured the staircase, and ascertained the facts of this curious adventure, the intrepid quadruped climbed to the top of the house, in a very few minutes arrived at the top, and with the door of the fourth-story shut in his face, the poor animal found it equally impossible to advance or to draw back, the extreme narrowness of the stair making it impossible for him to turn round.

The noise of the animal's hoofs on the stairs, and the violence with which he kept tumbling against the wall in his ascent, had wakened all the tenants, who had rushed to their respective doors under frightful apprehension that the staircase was falling in.

The cries and interpellations addressed by each story to those above and below it, may be better imagined than described; but the voice of the concierge, who had managed to make a hasty toilet as fast as his agitation would allow him, at length succeeded in calming the terrors of the tenants, and the occupant of the fourth story consenting to open his door, the horse was enabled to turn round.

No sooner had the animal succeeded in so doing, than he began to descend the stairs, a far more difficult feat than even the unparalleled ascension he had just accomplished. Terrified at the void below him, the unfortunate beast pressed so heavily against the wall, that the plastering gave way in many places, and came crashing down under his hoofs, and the knob of one of the doors was wrecked nearly off. The anxious tenants who peeped over the rails as the poor creature performed its perilous feat, declare that it was at once touching and terrible to see the animal, arching his fore legs, doubling up his hind-legs, and drawing himself down on his haunches from stair to stair. The staircase is lighted by four large windows, with neither bars nor protection of any kind, so that, had the horse leaped against them in his descent, as he was doing against the wall, the frames would have been forced through by his weight, and he would have fallen through into the court below. But the intelli-

gent animal, seemingly aware of the danger, avoided each window with the greatest care, though pressing heavily against the wall all the way down; and at length he reached the bottom, unhurt, but beside himself with terror, trembling in every limb, and in such a state of excitement, that the stable men, with M. Bernheim at their head, had as much as they could manage in getting a halter round his neck. They at length succeeded in leading him to the stable in the Rue Charlot, but it was some time before the poor beast became quiet again.

"As I stated in the beginning of my recital," says M. Léon Galayes, in concluding his letter to the editors of the *Siecle*, "this occurrence would be absolutely incredible, were not the proofs of it visible and accessible to all. The staircase is marked with the prints of the horse's shoes from top to bottom, portions of the wood-work of the staircase, and masses of plaster are broken off, and the police agent's report, detailing the circumstances of the affair, and the injuries done to the stairs, can be verified by all who will give themselves the trouble to visit the scene of the adventure."

This singular performance reminds me of the artist whose merit will no doubt be as cordially acknowledged by the New World as by the Old, as her works find their way across the ocean; and seeing from the last number which has reached me of the "Saturday Evening Post," that one of her great works is now being exhibited in the United States, I have thought that a sketch of the life of Macdonald-Rosa Bonheur, one of the two greatest of living interpreters of Animal Life—Lundee, of course, being the other—might not be unacceptable to the readers of your paper.

At the southern end of the Rue d'Assas, half made up of extensive gardens, the tops of whose trees alone are visible above their high stone walls—just where this retired and quiet street, as it meets the Rue de Vaugirard, widens into a sort of irregular little square, surrounded by sleepy-looking old-fashioned houses, and looked down upon by the shining gray roofs and belfry of an ancient Carmelite convent, is a green garden-door, surrounded by the number "39," which door, though not in itself distinguishable from hundreds of other green doors in Paris, is yet especially interesting to lovers of Art, as giving admission to the pleasant precincts of the *sansone* from whose privacy have issued those *chef-d'œuvres*, which have carried the name of the authoress of "The Horse-market," and "Haymaking," through the length and breadth of the civilized world, as the synonym of realistic vigor and poetic grace.

Our ring at the bell being answered by the friendly barkings of one or two dogs, and the opening of the door by the sober-suited serving-man whom they accompany, we find ourselves in a garden full of embowering trees: the house itself—a long, cozy, irregular building, standing at right-angles with the street—being covered with vines, honeysuckles, and clematis, from one end to the other.

A part of the garden is laid out in flower-beds; but the greater portion of it—fenced off with a green paling, gravelled, and containing several sheds—is given up to the animals kept by the artist as her models; an honor shared at the present time by a horse, a donkey, four or five goats and sheep of different breeds, ducks, cochon-chinas, and other denizens of the barn-yard, who live together in perfect amity and good will.

On fine days, one sometimes finds the artist, in a wide-awake, or a sun-bonnet, seated on a rustic chair inside the paling, busily sketching some one of these animals; but more frequently—if we have taken care to present ourselves on a Friday afternoon, the only time when it is possible to gain access to the divinity of the place, invisible to mortal eyes during the rest of the week—we are ushered through glass doors into a hall, with paintings on the walls, orange trees and oleanders standing in green tubs in the corners, and the floor (since the artist crossed the Channel) covered with English oil-cloth. From this hall, a few stairs, simply covered with thick gray drapery, bring us to the atelier, which on Fridays is turned into a reception-room.

This beautiful studio, one of the largest and most finely proportioned in Paris, with its greenish gray walls, and plain green curtains to lofty windows that never let in daylight—the room being lighted entirely from the ceiling—is one of the most charming apartments anywhere to be found. All the wood-work is of dark oak, as are also the bookcases, tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture—richly carved, but otherwise of most severe simplicity—distributed about the room. The walls are covered with paintings, sketches, casts, old armor, fishing-nets, rude baskets and pouches, poles, garbled and twisted vine branches, picturesque hats, cloaks and sandals, collected by the artist in her wanderings among the peasants of various regions, nondescript draperies, bones and skins of animals, antlers and horns. The fine old bookcase contains fully as many casts, skeletons, and curiosities, as books, and is surmounted with as many busts, groups in plaster, shields, and other artistic booty, as its top can accommodate; and the great Gothic-looking stove at the upper end of the room is covered in the same way with little casts and bronzes. Paintings of all sizes, and in every stage of progress, are seen on easels at the lower end of the room, our artist always working at several at a time. Stands of portfolios, and stacks of canvases line the sides of the studio; birds are chirping in cages of various dimensions, and a magnificent parrot eyes you suspiciously from the top of a lofty perch. Scattered over the floor—as bright as waxing can make it—are skins of tigers, oxen, leopards and foxes; the only species of floor-covering admitted by the artist into her workshop.

"They give me ideas," she says of these favorite appointments, "whereas the most costly and luxurious carpet is suggestive of nothing."

Such is the "whereabout" in which Rosa Bonheur receives her guests, with the frankness, kindness, and unaffected simplicity for which she is so eminently distinguished. She is small in person, rather under middle height, with a finely-formed head, and a broad rather than a high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth; hazel eyes, very clear and bright, and dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side, and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; true artist's hands, small, delicate and nervous, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown, or gray, and her costume consisting invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company—for she lives very retired, accepting but few of the innumerable invitations with which she is assailed—she wears the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment, not from contempt of them, but simply because the elegant trifles so dear to womanhood are so utterly foreign to her thoughts and occupations, that even to put them on would be a false and unnatural proceeding. When at her easel, she wears a sort of round pinafore, or *houssie*, of gray linen that envelops her from the neck to the feet.

Rosa Bonheur impresses you, at first sight, as a clear, honest, vigorous, independent nature; abrupt, yet kindly; original, self-centred, and decided, without the least pretension or conceit; but it is only when you have seen her conversing earnestly and heartily, her enthusiasm roused by some topic connected with her art, or with the great humanitarian questions of the day, when you have watched her kindling eyes, her smile at once so sweet, so beaming and so keen, her expressive features, irradiated as it were with an inner light, that you begin to perceive how very beautiful she really is.

To know how upright and how truthful she is, how single-minded in her devotion to her art, how simple and unassuming, fully conscious of the dignity of her artistic power, but respecting it rather as a talent committed to her keeping than as a quality personal to herself—you must also have been admitted to something more than the ordinary courtesy of a reception-day, while, if you would know how nobly and self-sacrificingly generous she has been, not only to her own family, but to others possessing no claim on her kindness but such as that kindness gave them, you must learn it from those who have shared her bounty, for you will never know a word of it from herself. In the amplest biography of a living celebrity, much that would show the nobleness of a character in the most striking light cannot, for obvious reasons, be given to the public; and in the case of the artist of whose life the present sketch will offer a brief outline, her rooted dislike to being written about will continue to prevent many interesting particulars from becoming known, which might otherwise have fallen under the pens of industrious biographers. But should the intention of writing, for publication after her death, a memoir that shall really set forth the inner, personal life of the artist, be carried into execution by perhaps the only person who, from her position, and her long and intimate connection with the minutest details of the artist's life, is competent to do justice to the subject, those who come after us will learn, from the instructive lessons of a life replete with noble teachings, that the great painter whose fame will go down to coming ages as one of the brightest glories of the present, was as admirable as a woman as she was gifted as an artist, and that her moral worth was no less transcendent than her genius.

In my next, I shall enter upon the narrative of the steps by which this eminent artist, overcoming the many disadvantages and difficulties of her early life, reached by

THE SUNDAY

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

FROM A SCHOOL-BOY.

Chocolate drop of my heart,
I send thee with thy name;
Like a poppet-stick I stand apart
In a room, but never flame.
When you look down on me,
And the name of my eye,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.
I passed your garden, and there,
On the clothes-line, hung a few
Pantaloons, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate,
In the cold by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hand and foot,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

A DECEIVING SPIRIT.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from an enquiring skeptical had become a devoted believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"Who is there?"
There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.
"Anybody there?"
No answer.
"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify by saying 'yes'—no, that's not what I mean.—If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"
Three different raps were given in the direction of the bureau.
"Is it the spirit of my sister?"
No answer.
"Is it the spirit of my mother?"
Three raps.
"Are you happy?"
Nine raps.
"Do you want for anything?"
A succession of very loud raps.
"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"
No answer.
"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"
Raps very loud again, this time in the direction of the door.
"Shall I ever see you?"
The raps then came from the outside of the door.

He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone, and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.
On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat altogether.—*New Yorker.*

AN ALTERNATIVE.

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper.

"I'm gann to dee, Andrew," said the wife.
"Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose.
"Are ye?"—that was the way you speak, when I'm telling you that I'm gann to leave you forever? Ye're no to lay my bones here among the raffish o' Linlithgow, but tak them to Whithorn, and lay them beside my father and mother."

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense (which, indeed, he could ill afford) waived giving any answer, but led on a different conversation.

"Do you hear, Andrew?"
"Oh, yes, I hear."
"Well, mind what I'm saying: tak me to Whithorn, or I'll rise and trouble ye night and day; do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I hear perfectly. Is that pain in your side troubling ye yet?"
"Oh, ay! I'm a pain together; but the main pain to me is, that ye'll lay my dust here."

"Oh, woman, dinna distress yourself about that simple circumstance."
"Mind, I'll no lie here; ye maun tak me to Whithorn! I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't."
"Well, well, then, if ye maun be buried at Whithorn, I canna help it; but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

DISTINCTION.—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A Cardinal having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest, saying to him that he had an important question to propose; he asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no! If you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say yes! for there is really no difference between it and water."

VERY THOUGHT.—We read in the *American Broad Grist* of a certain Hiram Potts, of Charleston, who possesses a dog with a tail which curls so far as to touch the ground. We have, however, some doubt of the story; and believe it is taken from George Cruikshank's marine, who stands before his captain making a complaint with his eye staring out of his head. It was in the olden time, when cut tails were worn; and the complaint is, "Please your honor, private Bunce has tied my hair so tight behind, that I can't shut my eyes."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

General Barnes was not possessed of very superior legal attainments, yet as a lawyer, he had the happy faculty of impressing his clients that justice and law were with them in all cases. A rough countryman walked into his office one day and began his application:

"General Barnes, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

"What is the matter?"
"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"But him, sir, sue him by all means," said the General, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him; and if he hasn't a great deal of property it will break him up, sir."

"But stop, General!" cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he has threatened to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tackled his ship, and kept on.

"Ah! Well, sir, you say you built a dam across the creek, what sort of a dam was that, sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?" asked the General.

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it's a good neighborhood mill, is it not—a public convenience?"

"So it is, sir, and you may well say so."

"And all your neighbors bring their grain there to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Then it is a great public convenience—is it not, sir?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have had it built but for that. It's so far to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is Barnes."

MIRTH A MEDICINE.—I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation, for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth, may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—*Arnold's Ills of Proverbs.*

Useful Receipts.

HARMLESS AND SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—Take two or three cents worth of sal ammoniac, dissolve it in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with this solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two. I have frequently tried this cure for warts, and it has never failed.

[We are inclined to believe in the efficacy of our correspondent's cure for common warts, because we know that alkaline solutions soften them, and gradually eat them away, as it were. We have removed some of these unpleasant skin excrescences with a weak solution of potash applied in the same manner as the sal ammoniac.—*Eds. Scientific American.*]

THE BEST WAY TO COOK EGGS.—Break them into hot—not boiling—water, and let them remain till the yolk is sufficiently cooked—then put on butter, pepper and salt, and you have done your utmost with eggs.—*Exchange Paper.*

ANTIDOTE TO MOSQUITOES.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, &c., is said to be glycerine 4 ounces, oil of peppermint 2 drachms, oil of turpentine 4 drachms. The face, neck, hands, in fact all parts exposed to be rubbed with the mixture. This was given me by an eminent physician previous to going into the State of Maine on a hunting expedition. I never knew it used without perfect success.

QUICK-LIME A TEST FOR GUANO.—A teaspoonful of a sample of good guano, mixed with an equal quantity of cream of lime, will develop a powerful ammoniacal odor, similar to that of Bengal or smelling salts. The pungency of the odor will be proportionate to the amount of ammonia in the sample. The success of this depends upon the quality of the quick-lime employed. It ought to be of recent burning, or to have been preserved in a close vessel, as on exposure to the air it absorbs carbonic acid, and passes into the state of carbonate, in which condition it is not test for ammonia.—*Cameron's Chemistry of Agriculture.*

TO COLOR COTTON LEMON COLOR.—To 1½ pounds of cloth, 6 ounces sugar of lead, dissolved in a pint of hot water; 4 ounces of bichromate of potash, dissolved in a pint of warm water. Dip your cloth first in the lead water, then in the potash, several times back and forth, then rinse out in clear water and hang out on the sun to dry.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LAMP OIL.—To remove lamp oil from cotton and woollen goods, rub in thoroughly with the hand some clean fresh lard; let it remain for two or three hours, then apply soft soap, and wash in warm water. This can be depended on.



AN UNREASONABLE HUSBAND.

SWEET YOUNG WIFE (who has just returned from a horseback ride.) And so, Charles, you still persist in your cruel refusal to impart Mr. Rarey's horse-taming secret to the wife of your bosom?

CHARLES.—My dearest Angela, how can I? You know I promised not to reveal it to any one!

ANGELA.—How could you make such a dreadful promise, Charles? I am sure that if my pony, who I declare grows more and more unmanageable every day, were to throw me off, and to kill me, some morning, you would regret your obduracy and obstinacy, Charles.

CHARLES.—How can you be so cruel as to talk thus, Angela!
[The scene here assumes the very dramatic tableau given above.]

Agricultural.

PESTS OF THE GARDEN.

We make the following seasonable extract from that new and universally popular handbook of horticulture, "The Garden." These hints and directions are worth the price of the book, which is one of the best and cheapest ever published:

"The foes against which the gardener is forced to wage a perpetual war of extermination, though individually insignificant, are in the aggregate most formidable. We will try to give a few useful hints of a general character to aid the reader in this warfare."

"Wide-mouthed bottles, partly filled with molasses and water, and hung up in a garden, make excellent traps for the moths, which are the parents of many destructive vermin. Mr. Downing mentions an acquaintance who thus caught and destroyed in a single season three bushels of insects, and preserved his garden almost free from them. A bright fire of resinous pine, tar, shavings, or any other combustible, kindled in the garden at night, on a platform erected for the purpose, will attract and destroy millions. Birds are among the best friends of the gardener, and should by no means be destroyed, although some of them may eat a few raspberries or cherries. Toads live almost entirely upon insects, and do no harm in a garden. Induce as many of them as possible to make it their home. Hens and chickens should have access whenever it can be safely permitted."

To drive insects away from plants, various preparations are useful. A writer in the *Southern Cultivator* recommends the following:

"Put into a barrel of water a quarter of a pound of camphor, in pieces of the size of a hickory nut, and let it stand a day before using. Water your plants with this. The barrel may be refilled many times before the camphor will have all been dissolved. A cupful of strong lye put into the water, will add to the strength of the mixture by causing the water to take up more camphor. Tobacco-water is another efficient remedy. Lime, charcoal-dust, ashes, soot, snuff, and sulphur sprinkled upon plants prove a defence against most destroyers. To expel the striped bug from cucumbers, squashes, etc., water the plants daily with a strong decoction of quassia, made by pouring four gallons of boiling water on four pounds of quassia in a barrel, and after twelve hours, filling the barrel with water. The intolerable squash or pumpkin bug may be thoroughly driven off by a decoction of double strength, containing a pound of glue to ten gallons, to make it adhere."

"The most effectual and the cheapest remedy for the striped bug, however, consists in defending each hill of melons, cucumbers, squashes, etc., by a box about fifteen inches square, the sides being eight to ten inches high, covered with millinet or some similar thin material."

The following recipe for making a barrier to insects, is given in the *Gardener's Chronicle*. It may be easily tried:

"Take of common resin one and a half pounds; sweet oil, one pound; place them in a pipkin over the fire until the resin is melted; stir the material together, that they may be well blended; when cold, the substance formed, which the discoverer calls 'resoil,' will be of the consistency of molasses. To use the resoil it should be spread with a brush upon shreds of any fitting material, and wrapped round the stem of the plant; if any support is used, that should be brushed over also. No insect can possibly, or will attempt to cross this barrier; the resoil never dries, but always remains sticky and clammy—its action as a trap is therefore obvious."

But, however numerous and effective the other remedies, 'eternal vigilance' cannot be dispensed with in dealing with the pests of the garden.

TOBACCO AND THE PLUM CURCULIO.

Being at the house of a friend, in June last, I was surprised at seeing his plum trees nearly breaking down with fruit. He informed me that his remedy was, to take an old tin basin, make a few holes around the sides, near the bottom, and have the basin secured to the end of a pole, long enough to pass the dish through all parts of the tree. He then takes some fire and a small quantity of any old refuse tobacco, and puts in the dish; this smoking, he takes the time early in the morning, while the dew is on, and passes the smoking dish through all parts of the trees. It should be commenced on the first formation of the fruit, and continued six or eight weeks—the oftener it is done, the more sure you will be of saving all your plums: he only smoked his trees twice a week. He says the first few times he could see the insects leaving in a swarm, and soon there were but few to be seen. He says that by smoking while the dew is on, the smell of tobacco will be longer retained in the trees, and that for his eight or ten large trees it would take about an hour each time, and his expense for tobacco was about three York shillings. To prove that the insects did not like the fumes of tobacco, his neighbors, only a few rods distant, and who would not take so much trouble, were rewarded by not saving a plum. It would have done good, to have seen these trees, loaded with the delicious fruit, and to know that with a very little trouble and a very little expense, this excellent fruit may be preserved.—*Genesee Farmer.*

GREEN CORN FOR SUMMER FODDER.—As every farmer knows, there is a season in mid-summer when pastures become parched and brown, and cows fall both in flesh and milk.—Some consider this a necessary evil, against which no provision can be made, but all do not so consider it. Some farmers, as we happen to know, provide against this time of scarcity by planting corn for summer feed. They often use the Southern yellow flat corn, mature the ground well, sow in drills three feet apart, leaving it so thick in the drill that no stalk will grow more than an inch in diameter. In this way, they secure fine, succulent feed for their stock, from the last of July to the middle of September. The cows keep in good flesh, and the butter and cheese show no abatement. This corn answers well also for dry fodder, though the difficulty in curing will prevent its general use on a large scale. The advantage of this corn over the common Northern varieties, is that more of it can be raised on the same ground, and that it grows faster. Plant about the middle of May, June 5th, and June 20th, for a succession of tender feed through the summer.—*American Agriculturist.*

BIRDS—PREPARATION OF SEED CORN.—"A Pica for the Birds" in your paper causes me to come forward with my plan, which is a plan to receive the benefit of the insect-catching propensity of the birds, and a remedy against their corn-pulling operations. It is this: as soon as your corn comes up feed the birds. Crows will not (as far as my experience goes) pull corn if they are properly fed, and they want feeding but a short time. Two quarts sowed over a field of ten acres, about twice, while the corn is in danger, will supply all that take the privilege of boarding on me; but even if it took a half bushel or a bushel, it would be cheaper by far than exterminating the birds. I tar and plaster my seed at planting (not as tar). I never had any difficulty about my seed coming up.—*Country Gentleman.*

CRANBERRIES.—If you can keep them flooded, better not draw off the water yet. Let it remain until there is no possibility the blossoms will be injured by the frost; they are easily injured, and the crop largely diminished if not altogether killed. Some cultivators keep their beds flooded until June, sometimes until the 10th or 15th of June. If this can be done, it is all the precaution necessary against frost, for the vines will not blossom covered with water.

TO REPEL BUGS FROM VINES.

Gardeners will find this "leafy June," this "month of roses," a busy season, and not an unimportant part of their work will be keeping bugs off from the cucumber, melon, squash and similar plants. We therefore detail several modes of fighting this enemy.

A decoction of tobacco and red pepper, sprinkled on the leaves of the young plants, will repel the bugs. Even the pepper-tea alone will be too strong for all that have weak stomachs. A mixture of two parts flour and one of black pepper, dusted on the vines while wet with the dew, answers as a partial protection at least.

Open boxes, six inches high and a foot and a-half square, set over the young plants, will answer a good purpose; or a cheap and convenient protector may be made of birch bark, pasteboard, or what is still better, old floor oil cloth, pegged down. They may be six or eight inches high, and of any desired size. Where the two ends meet, it is well to tack them to one of the pegs. Place them around the hills as soon as the plants begin to break ground, breaking up so that no bugs will work under them. Very few of the insect tribe will go over them. Bugs do not appear to be skilled in fence climbing. Simply standing bricks on edge around the plants usually keeps them out.

Liquid manure, made from hen-dung, and left to ferment, will drive off bugs by its offensive smell. Two shovelfuls of hen droppings to four gallons of water will make it of the desired strength. A half-pint of this liquid scattered over each hill, on every alternate day, will repel the bugs, and give the plants a vigorous growth.

A neighbor of ours says he has treated his bug-visitors, for twenty years past, to a pinch or two of good Scotch snuff; they think this is something to be sneezed at, and therefore leave in disgust.

We once knew a man who planted his seeds by the hundred, all over his melon patch, and gave the bugs the largest liberty of his garden. He declared that he delighted to witness the enjoyments of animal life, and therefore would not kill bugs, but would rather feed them. He said that more than enough plants were left, after the bugs had taken their share, and he thought they were stronger and healthier vines, than if they were boxed up and dusted over with such acrid substances as snuff, pepper, ashes, guano, &c. And besides, did not this method save him a great deal of trouble!—*American Agriculturist.*

SPREADING MANURE ON THE SURFACE.—A writer in the *Edinburgh Journal of Agriculture*, commenting on the views of Professor Voelcker as to the exposure of fresh manure to the surface of the ground, relates the following striking experiment, made by a scientific man, for the purpose of testing expressly the several methods of using manure:

There being a difference of opinion among scientific men regarding the advantage of spreading dung upon the surface and leaving it exposed for some time before covering it in, Prof. Leguiz, of Elders, had recourse to experiment for the solving of the question. For this purpose he selected two one-half rods, which he divided into four equal parts. To No. 1 no manure was given. No. 2 received about two tons of farm-yard dung, which was spread immediately and covered in by means of the plough. No. 3 was treated in the same manner, with this difference, that the hoe was used instead of the plough. The same quantity of dung was carried to No. 4, and allowed to remain spread three weeks on the soil before being covered in by the hoe. On the 10th of October, the four lots, subjected to experiment, were sown with about ninety-five plants of rye seed each. The following are the total results of the crop of each lot, grain and straw included:

No. 1 produced	583 pounds.
No. 2 "	770 "
No. 3 "	818 "
No. 4 "	930 "

The writer justly remarks that a single experiment should not be considered conclusive, but that is sufficiently striking to warrant a repetition of it on a larger scale.

AN EXPEDIENT.—One day, smiling, Made-moiselle de Hautefort showed a little letter in her hand. Behold, the king arrives! He wished to know what it contained. Still, in jest, she retreated, the king following her, still more piqued. He begged her to allow him to read the letter, stretching out his hand to take it. She thrusts it into the bosom of her dress.—Louis stopped short suddenly, and knew not what to do; but the queen was present and saw all the little charade. She did a daring thing, which might have resulted in the most important consequences. She seized the young girl's hands, and held them so that the king might take the letter. But Louis the Thirteenth was now in a still worse perplexity. He had recourse to an expedient, ridiculous but admirable, and taking up a little pair of silver pin-cers, which were at hand, removed the letter chaste, and without the "quiet rudeness," from its delicate hiding place.—*Michalet's France.*

ORIGIN OF BULL-FIGHTING.—Large estates, full of wild cattle, were originally, in Spain, the primary cause of the custom of bull-fighting. This cause, in tenfold magnitude, is still in active operation in Mexico. There men have to learn, from their earliest years, how to manage wild cattle, and to avoid their dangerous attacks, during the process of catching and killing them. It is natural that the bolder men should, by constant practice and trials of all kinds, raise their daily occupation to a kind of art. Their companions will flock to witness their feats, and the cattle-driver becomes a *torero*. How natural it is in a people to be fond of witnessing feats of skill and boldness in an art so perfectly akin to their daily occupation!—*Travels in Mexico and Guatemala.*

A SIGN OF RAIN.—When the odor of flowers is unusually perceptible, rain may be anticipated, as the air, when damp, conveys the odor more effectively than when dry. Damp air being also a better conductor of sound than dry, the sound of mills, and railways are better heard before rain.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 4, 14, is used by tanners.
My 2, 13, 9, is a personal pronoun.
My 3, 6, 15, 1, is one of the points of the compass.
My 4, 10, 13, 14, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 4, is a verb.
My 6, 14, 6, 7, is a country of Asia.
My 7, 6, 3, 14, 8, is one of the United States.
My 8, 11, 12, 5, 14, is a man's name.
My 9, 13, 8, 7, is a country of Asia.
My 10, 6, 15, 8, signifies to rest.
My 11, 3, 6, 4, 10, signifies to worry.
My 12, 5, 11, 2, is a preposition.
My 13, 1, is a personal pronoun.
My 14, 10, 4, 11, is a place where birds rear their young.
My 15, 6, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a natural curiosity.

ZERBUS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 10, 4, 3, 9, 10, 18, is a mountain in Asia.
My 1, 10, 17, 4, 15, is a city in Egypt.
My 1, 6, 3, 1, 15, 16, is a city in Poland.
My 4, 15, 9, 18, 15, 4, 14, 1, 15, is one of the West Indies.
My 7, 9, 14, 5, 15, 11, 14, 2, 19, 14, is a town in Greece.
My 6, 13, 8, 7, 12, 4, is a town in England.
My whole is an extraordinary character in the history of Russia.
Linden Cottage, Davies Co., Mo.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When the notes of warblers were in tune,
And nature in garb of green;
Before a charming country seat,
Stood (my whole), a maiden neat.

As fair as e'er was seen—
Mending my rind before she took
A pleasant walk into the brook.

A useful thing my second is—
An exclamation, no doubt 'tis,
Of pleasure, or of pain;
For should you, as I have defined,
Inside my first be close confined,
I think you would exclaim!
And might give utterance to my second,
As you have already reckoned.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the native forest green
There my first is often seen—
'Tis an animal I mean.

My second you well know, I ween,
Because it often crossed has been
In every shallow river stream.

My whole you certainly will guess,
When to you I do now confess
That 'tis a town in the U. S.

L. J. F.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I am a weight.
Omit my 2, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a domestic fowl.
Omit my 1, 2, 5, and I am used by fishermen.
Omit my 4, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a title of relationship.
Omit my 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am a pronoun.
Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I am an adverb.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, and I am a numeral.
My whole we all should be.

ANAGRAMS

On Well-Known Towns in Illinois.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gons Twin. Nana Lad.
Ma Town. M. Bird Cage.
No Line. W. Goose.
In Cork Land. If Air Fied.
We New Ashton. O. Rob Jones.
Ma at Rome. N. Sora Hill.
Waukegan, Ills. D. F. HAWKS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman bought a square township of land, bearing the following data: He first inscribed a circle, he then inscribed an equilateral triangle within the circle, the length of one side being equal to 3.6025 miles. What is the area of the said township? SATURN.

St. Lawrence Co.

CONUNDRUMS.

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Ans.—Yes, I saw a rope-walk.

If a small boy is called a lad, what is proper to call a big boy? Ans.—A ladder.

Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Ans.—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

Who was the greatest chicken-butcher, according to Shakespeare? King Claudius in *Hamlet*, who did "murder most foul."

What led Macbeth to say that he would die with harness on his back? Ans.—Because he knew very well that Macduff was about to tackle him.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Battle of Waterloo and defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte, CHARADE.—Newspaper. (News-pay-per) CHARADE.—Hornbook. RIDDLE.—Wheat. (Hat, We, He, Eat, What, Tea.) ANAGRAMS.—Beneficial, Operative, Potentiated, Application, Pension, Respect, Pernicious, Intensive, Maintain, Threaten, Moisture, Internal. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—In 34 days, A in 6, B in 12, and C in 2 days.

CONUNDRUMS.—I once met a free and easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that my lord and my lady, not being on speaking terms, could not suppose the other had asked him.—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.—By one of them.—In telling the age of another, you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age, then you divide by 2.—*Punch.*